ACADEMY LIBRARY

Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. City,

Case Letter M Case Number 629

General Library Number

DISCARDED

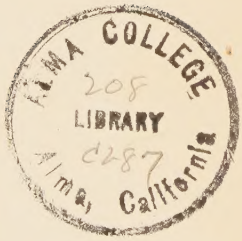
Donor

Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society.

VOL. XL.



LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.:
22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.; 245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

1899.

32001

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/publicationofcat0040vari

CONTENTS.

The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By Cardinal Newman.

Monsieur Olier. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.

Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble.

Christian Democracy before the Reformation. By Dom Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B.

The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M.A.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. X:—
Forgiveness of Injuries.
A Mother's Prayers.
The Two School Boys.

Why in Latin? By the Rev. George Bampfield.

The Art of Lying as practised by certain Protestant Controversialists. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE AND OF GRACE

By CARDINAL NEWMAN*

GENERAL STATEMENT OF ANALOGY.

I AM going to assert what some persons, those especially whom it most concerns, will not hesitate to call a great paradox; but which, nevertheless, I consider to be most true, and likely to approve itself to you more and more the oftener you turn your thoughts to the subject, and likely to be confirmed in the religious history of this country as time proceeds. It is this—that it is quite as difficult, and quite as easy, to believe that there is a God in heaven, as to believe that the Catholic Church is His oracle and minister on earth. I do not mean to say that it is really difficult to believe in God (God himself forbid!)—no; but that belief in God and belief in His Church stand on the same kind of foundation; that the proof of the one truth is like the proof of the other truth, and that the objections which may be made to the one are like the objections which may be made to the other; and that, as right reason and sound judgment overrule objections to the being of God, so do they supersede and set aside objections to the divine mission of the Church. And I consider that, when once a man has a real hold of the great doctrine that there is a God, in its true meaning and bearings, then (provided there be no disturbing cause, no peculiarities in his circumstances,

* Taken by permission from *Discourses to Mixed Congregations.*

involuntary ignorance, or the like), he will be led on without an effort, as by a natural continuation of that belief, to believe also in the Catholic Church as God's messenger or prophet, dismissing as worthless the objections which are adducible against the latter truth, as he dismisses objections adducible against the former. And I consider, on the other hand, that when a man does not believe in the Church, then (the same accidental impediments being put aside as before), there is nothing in reason to keep him from doubting the being of a God.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE, YET WITH DIFFICULTIES.

(*a*) *As regards God's Existence.*

The state of the case is this—every one spontaneously embraces the doctrine of the existence of God, as a first principle and a necessary assumption. It is not so much proved to him, as borne in upon his mind irresistibly, as a truth which it does not occur to him, nor is possible for him, to doubt; so various and so abundant is the witness for it contained in the experience and the conscience of everyone. He cannot unravel the process, or put his finger on the independent arguments, which conspire together to create in him the certainty which he feels; but certain of it he is, and he has neither the temptation nor the wish to doubt it, and he could, should need arise, at least point to the books or the persons from whence he could obtain the various formal proofs on which the being of a God rests, and the irrefragable demonstration thence resulting against the freethinker and the sceptic. At the same time he certainly would find, if he was in a condition to pursue the subject himself, that unbelievers had the advantage of him so far as this—that there were a number of objections to the doctrine which he could not satisfy, questions which he could not solve, mysteries which he could neither conceive nor explain; he would perceive that the body of proof itself might be more perfect and complete than it is; he would not find, indeed, anything to invalidate that proof, but many things which might embarrass him in discussion, or afford a plausible, though not a real, excuse for doubting about it.

(*b*) *As regards the moral law.*

The case is pretty much the same as regards the great moral law of God. We take it for granted, and rightly; what could we do, where should we be, without it? how could we conduct ourselves, if there were no difference between right and wrong, and if one action were as acceptable to our Creator as another? Impossible: if anything is true and divine, the rule of conscience is such, and it is frightful to suppose the contrary. Still, in spite of this, there is quite room for objectors to insinuate doubts about its authority or its enunciations; and where an inquirer is cold and fastidious, or careless, or wishes an excuse for disobedience, it is easy for him to perplex and disorder his reason, till he begins to question whether what he has all his life thought to be sins are really such, and whether conscientiousness is not, in fact, a superstition.

(*c*) *As regards the Catholic Church.*

And in like manner as regards the Catholic Church; she bears upon her the tokens of divinity, which come home to any mind at once which has not been possessed by prejudice and educated in suspicion. It is not so much a process of inquiry as an instantaneous recognition on which the mind believes. Moreover, it is possible to analyse the arguments, and draw up in form the great proof, on which her claims rest; but, on the other hand, it is quite possible also for opponents to bring forward certain imposing objections, which, though they do not really interfere with those claims, still are specious in themselves, and are sufficient to arrest and entangle the mind, and to keep it back from a fair examination of the proof, and of the vast array of arguments of which it consists. I am alluding to such objections as the following:—How can Almighty God be Three and yet One; how can Christ be God and yet man; how can He be at once in the Blessed Sacrament, under the form of Bread and Wine, and yet in Heaven; how is the doctrine of eternal punishment consistent with the infinite mercy of God; or, again, how is it that, if the Catholic Church be from God, the

gift of belonging to her is not, and has not been, granted to all men; how is it that so many apparently good men are external to her; why does she pay such honour to the Blessed Virgin and all Saints; how is it that, since the Bible also is from God, it admits of being quoted in opposition to her teaching; in a word, how is it, if she is from God, that everything which she does and says is not perfectly intelligible, not only to man in general, but to the reason and judgment and taste of every individual of the species, taken one by one?

PLAN OF PRESENT PAPER.

Now, whatever my anxiety may be about the next generation, I trust I need at present have none in insisting on the mysteries or difficulties which attach to the doctrine of God's existence, and which must be of necessity acquiesced in by everyone who believes it. I trust, and am sure, that as yet it is safe even to put before one who is not a Catholic some points which he is obliged to accept, whether he will or no, when he confesses that there is a God. I am going to do so, not wantonly, but with a definite object, by way of showing him that he is not called on to believe anything in the Catholic Church more strange or inexplicable than he already admits when he believes in a God; so that, if God exists in spite of the difficulties attending the doctrine, so the Church may be of divine origin though that doctrine, too, has its difficulties;—nay, I might even say the Church is divine *because* of those difficulties; for the difficulties which exist in the doctrine that there is a Divine Being, do but give countenance and protection to parallel difficulties in the doctrine that there is a Catholic Church. If there be mysteriousness in her teaching, this does but show that she proceeds from Him who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, whom we cannot contemplate at all except as One who is absolutely greater than our reason, and utterly strange to our imagination.

A BEING WITHOUT BEGINNING.

First, then, consider that Almighty God had no be-

ginning, and that this is necessary from the nature of the case, and inevitable. For if (to suppose what is absurd) the maker of the visible world was himself made by some other maker, and that maker again by another, you must anyhow come at last to a first Maker who had no maker, that is, who had no beginning. If you will not admit this, you will be forced to say that the world was not made at all, or made itself, and itself had no beginning, which is more wonderful still; for it is much easier to conceive that a Spirit, such as God is, existed from eternity, than that this material world was eternal. Unless, then, we are resolved to doubt that we live in a world of beings at all, unless we doubt our own existence, if we do but grant that there is something or other now existing, it follows at once that there must be something or other which has always existed, and never had a beginning. This, then, is certain from the necessity of the case; but can there be a more overwhelming mystery than it is? To say that a being had no beginning seems a contradiction in terms; it is a mystery as great, or rather greater, than any in the Catholic Faith. For instance, it is the teaching of the Church that the Father is God, the Son God, and the Holy Ghost God, yet that there is but one God; this is simply incomprehensible to us, but at least, so far as this, it involves no self-contradiction, because God is not Three and One in the same sense, but He is Three in one sense and One in another; on the contrary, to say that any being has no beginning is like a statement which means nothing, and is an absurdity. And so, again, Protestants think that the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence cannot be true, because if so, they argue that our Lord's Body is in two places at once, in Heaven and upon the Altar, and this, they say, is an impossibility. Now, Catholics do not see that it is impossible at all that our Lord should be in Heaven yet on the Altar; they do not, indeed, see *how* it can be, but they do not see *why* it should not be; there are many things which exist, though we do not know *how*;—do we know *how* anything exists?—there are many truths which are not less truths because we cannot picture them to ourselves or conceive them; but, at any rate, the Catholic doctrine

concerning the Real Presence is not more mysterious than how Almighty God can exist, yet never have come into existence. We do not know what is meant by saying that Almighty God will have no end, but still there is nothing here to distress or confuse our reason; but it distorts our mental sight, and makes our head giddy to have to say (what, nevertheless, we cannot help saying) that He had no beginning. Reason brings it home clearly to us, yet reason again starts at it; reason starts back from its own discovery, yet is obliged to embrace it. It discovers, it shrinks, it submits; such is the state of the case; but, I say, they who are obliged to bow their neck to this mystery need not be so sensitive about the mysteries of the Catholic Church.

GOD ALONE FROM ETERNITY.

Then think of this again, which, though not so baffling to the reason, still is most bewildering to the imagination;—that, if the Almighty had no beginning, He must have lived a whole eternity by Himself. What an awful thought for us! Our happiness lies in looking up to some object, or pursuing some end; we, poor mortal men, cannot understand a prolonged rest, except as a sort of sloth and self-forgetfulness; we are wearied if we meditate for one short hour; what, then, is meant when it is said that He, the great God, passed infinite ages by Himself? What was the end of His being? He was His own end; how incomprehensible! And since He lived a whole eternity by Himself, He might, had he so willed, never have created anything; and then from eternity to eternity there would have been none but He, none to witness Him, none to contemplate Him, none to adore and praise Him. How oppressive to think of, that there should have been no space, no time, no succession, no variation, no progression, no scope, no termination. One Infinite Being from first to last, and nothing else! And why He? Which is the less painful to our imagination—the idea of only one Being in existence, or of nothing at all? O my brethren, here is mystery without mitigation, without relief; how severe and frightful! The mysteries of Revelation, the Catholic dogmas, inconceivable as they

are, are most gracious, most loving, laden with mercy and consolation to us, not only sublime, but touching and winning;—such is the doctrine that God became man. Incomprehensible it is, and we can but adore, when we hear that the Almighty Being, of whom I have been speaking, "who inhabiteth eternity," has taken flesh and blood of a Virgin's veins, lain in a Virgin's womb, been suckled at a Virgin's breast, been obedient to human parents, worked at a humble trade, been despised by His own, been buffeted and scourged by His creatures, been nailed hand and foot to a cross, and has died a malefactor's death; and that now, under the form of Bread, He should lie upon our altars, and suffer Himself to be hidden in a small tabernacle? Most incomprehensible, but still, while the thought overwhelms our imagination, it also overpowers our heart; it is the most subduing, affecting, piercing thought which can be pictured to us. It thrills through us, and draws our tears, and abases us, and melts us into love and affection, when we dwell upon it. O most tender and compassionate Lord! You see He puts out of sight that mysteriousness of His, which is only awful and terrible; He insists not on His past eternity; He would not scare and trouble His poor children, when at length He speaks to them; no, He does but surround Himself with His own infinite bountifulness and compassion; He bids His Church tell us only of His mysterious condescension. Still our reason, prying, curious reason, searches out for us those prior and more austere mysteries, which are attached to His being, and He suffers it to find them out. He suffers it, for He knows that that same reason, though it recoils from them, must put up with them: He knows that they will be felt by it to be clear, inevitable truths, appalling as they are. He suffers it to discover them, in order that, both by the parallel and by the contrast between what reason infers and what the Church reveals, we may be drawn on from the awful discoveries of the one to the gracious announcements of the other; and in order, too, that the rejection of Revelation may be its own punishment, and that they who stumble at the Catholic mysteries may be dashed back upon the adamantine rocks which base the Throne

of the Everlasting, and may wrestle with the stern conclusions of reason, since they refuse the bright consolations of faith.

BEGINNING OF CREATION.

And now another difficulty, which reason discovers, yet cannot explain. Since the world exists, and did not always exist, there was a time when the Almighty changed that state of things, which had been from all eternity, for another state. It was wonderful that He should be by Himself for an eternity; moreover, it had been wonderful had He never changed it; but it is wonderful, too, that He did change it. It is wonderful that, being for an eternity alone, He should ever pass from that solitary state, and surround Himself with millions upon millions of living beings. A state which had been from eternity might well be considered unchangeable; yet it ceased, and another superseded it. What end could the All-blessed have had in beginning to create, and in determining to pass a second eternity so differently from the first? This mystery, my brethren, will tend to reconcile us, I think, to the difficulty of a question sometimes put to us by unbelievers, viz., if the Catholic Religion is from God, why was it set up so late in the world's day? Why did some thousands of years pass before Christ came, and His gifts were poured upon the race of man? But, surely, it is not so strange that the Judge of men should have changed His dealings towards them "in the midst of the years," as that He should have changed the history of the heavens in the midst of eternity. If creation had a beginning at a certain date, why should not redemption? And if we be forced to believe, whether we will or no, that there was once an innovation upon the course of things on high, and that the universe arose out of nothing, and if, even when the earth was created, still it remained "empty and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," what so great marvel is it that there was a fixed period in God's inscrutable counsels, during which there was "a bond fastened upon all people," and a "web drawn over them," and then a date at which the bond of thraldom was broken, and the web of error was unravelled?

THE UNIVERSE.

Well, let us suppose the innovation decreed in the eternal purpose of the Most High, and that creation is to be; of whom, my brethren, shall it consist? Doubtless of beings who can praise and bless him, who can admire His perfections, and obey His will, who will be least unworthy to minister about His Throne, and to keep Him company. Look around, and say how far facts bear out this anticipation. There is but one race of intelligent beings, as far as we have experience by nature, and a thousand races which cannot love or worship Him who made them. Millions upon millions enjoy their brief span of life, but man alone can look up to heaven; and what is man, many though he be, what is he in the presence of so innumerable a multitude? Consider the abundance of beasts that range the earth, of birds under the firmament of heaven, of fish in the depths of the ocean, and, above all, the exuberant varieties of insects, which baffle our enumeration by their minuteness, and our powers of conception by their profusion. Doubtless they all show forth the glory of the Creator, as do the elements, "fire, hail, snow and ice, stormy winds, which fulfil His Word." Yet not one of them has a soul, not one of them knows who made it, or that it is made, not one can render Him any proper service, not one can love Him. Indeed, how far does the whole world come short in all respects of what it might be! It is not even possessed of created excellence in fulness. It is stamped with imperfection; everything, indeed, is good in its kind, for God could create nothing otherwise, but how much more fully might He have poured His glory and infused His grace into it, how much more beautiful and divine a world might He have made than that which, after an eternal silence, He summoned into being! Let reason answer, I repeat,—Why is it that He did not surround Himself with spiritual intelligencies, and animate every material atom with a soul? Why made He not the very footstool of His Throne and the pavement of His Temple of an angelic nature, beings who could praise and bless Him while they did Him menial service? Set man's wit and

man's imagination to the work of devising a world, and you would see, my brethren, what a far more splendid design he would submit for it than met the good pleasure of the Omnipotent and All-wise. Ambitious architect he would have been if called to build the palace of the Lord of all, in which every single part would have been the best conceivable, the colours all the brightest, the materials the most costly, and the lineaments the most perfect. Pass from man's private fancies and ideas, and fastidious criticisms on the vast subject; come to facts which are before our eyes, and report what meets them. We see an universe, material for the most part and corruptible, fashioned indeed by laws of infinite skill, and betokening an All-wise Hand, but lifeless and senseless; huge globes, hurled into space, and moving mechanically; subtle influences, penetrating into the most hidden corners and pores of the world, as quick and keen as thought, yet as helpless as the clay from which thought has departed. And next, life without sense; myriads of trees and plants, "the grass of the field," beautiful to the eye, but perishable and worthless in the sight of heaven. And, then, when at length we discover sense as well as life, what, I repeat, do we see but a greater mystery still? We behold the spectacle of brute nature; of impulses, feelings, propensities, passions, which in us are ruled or repressed by a superintending reason, but from which, when ungovernable, we shrink, as fearful and hateful, because in us they would be sin. Millions of irrational creatures surround us, and it would seem as though the Creator had left part of His work in its original chaos, so monstrous are these beings, which move, and feel, and act without reflection and without principle. To matter He has given laws; He has divided the moist and the dry, the heavy and the rare, the light and the dark; He has "placed the sand as a boundary for the sea, a perpetual precept which it shall not pass." He has tamed the elements, and made them servants of the universal good; but the brute beasts pass to and fro in their wildness and their isolation, no yoke on their neck or "bit in their lips," the enemies of all they meet, yet without the capacity of self-love. They live on each other's flesh by an original necessity of

their being; their eyes, their teeth, their claws, their muscles, their voice, their walk, their structure within, all speak of violence and blood. They seem made to inflict pain; they rush on their prey with fierceness, and devour it with greediness. There is scarce a passion or a feeling which is sin in man, but is found brute and irresponsible in them. Rage, wanton cruelty, hatred, sullenness, jealousy, revenge, cunning, malice, envy, lust, vainglory, gluttony, each has its representative; and say, O philosopher of this world, who wouldest fain walk by reason only, and scornest the Catholic Faith, is it not marvellous, or explain it, if thou canst, that the All-wise and All-good should have poured over the face of his fair creation those rude and inchoate existences, to look like sinners, though they be not; and these created before man, perhaps for an untold period, and dividing the earth with him since, and the actual lords of a great portion of it even now?

The crowning work of God is man; he is the flower and perfection of creation, and made to serve and worship his Creator. Look at him then, O sages, who scoff at the revealed Word, scrutinize him, and say in sincerity, is he a fit offering to present to the great God? I must not speak of sin; you will not acknowledge the term, or will explain it away; yet consider man as he is found in the world, and,—owning, as you must own, that the many do not act by rule or principle, and that few are any honour to their Maker,—seeing, as you see, that enmities, frauds, cruelties, oppressions, injuries, excesses are almost the constituents of human life,—knowing, too, the wonderful capabilities of man, yet their necessary frustration in so brief an existence, can you venture to say that the Church's yoke is heavy, when you yourselves, viewing the universe from end to end, are compelled, by the force of reason, to submit your reason to the confession that God has created nothing perfect, a world of order which is dead and corruptible, a world of immortal spirits which is in rebellion?

CONCLUSION AS REGARDS FAITH.

I come, then, to this conclusion:—if I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is not much matter whether it is

a mystery more or a mystery less; the main difficulty is to believe at all; the main difficulty to an inquirer is firmly to hold that there is a Living God, in spite of the darkness which surrounds Him, the Creator, Witness, and Judge of men. When once the mind is broken in, as it must be, to the belief of a power above it, when once it understands that it is not itself the measure of all things in heaven and earth, it will have little difficulty in going forward. I do not say it will, or can, go on to other truths, without conviction; I do not say it ought to believe the Catholic Faith without grounds and motives; but I say that, when once it believes in God, the great obstacle to faith has been taken away,—a proud, self-sufficient spirit. When once a man really, with the eyes of his soul and by the power of divine grace, recognizes his Creator, he has passed a line; that has happened to him which cannot happen twice; he has bent his stiff neck, and triumphed over himself. If he believes that God has no beginning, why not believe that He is Three yet One? if he owns that God created space, why not own also that He can cause a body to subsist without dependence on place? if he is obliged to grant that God created all things out of nothing, why doubt His power to change the substance of bread into the body of His Son? It is as strange that, after an eternal rest, He should begin to create, as that, when He once created, He should take on Himself a created nature; it is as strange that man should be allowed to fall so low, as we see before our eyes in so many dreadful instances, as that Angels and Saints should be exalted even to religious honours; it is as strange that such large families in the animal world should be created without souls and subject to vanity, as that one creature, the Blessed Mother of God, should be exalted over all the rest; as strange, that the book of Nature should read differently from the rule of conscience or the conclusions of reason, as that the Scriptures of the Church should admit of being interpreted in opposition to her tradition. And if it shocks a religious mind to doubt of the being of the All-wise and All-good God, in spite of the mysteries in Nature, why may it not shrink also from using the revealed mysteries as an argument against revelation?

DISPOSITION FOR INQUIRY.

And now, my dear brethren, who are as yet external to the Church, if I have brought you as far as this, I really do not see why I have not brought you on to make your submission to her. Can you deliberately sit down amid the bewildering mysteries of creation, when a refuge is held out to you, in which reason is rewarded for its faith by the fulfilment of its hopes? Nature does not exempt you from the trial of believing, but it gives you nothing in return; it does but disappoint you. You must submit your reason anyhow; you are not in better circumstances if you turn from the Church; you merely do not secure what you have already sought in nature in vain. The simple question to be decided is one of fact, has a revelation been given? You lessen, not increase your difficulties by receiving it. It comes to you recommended and urged upon you by the most favourable anticipations of reason. The very difficulties of nature make it likely that a revelation should be made: the very mysteries of creation call for some act on the part of the Creator, by which those mysteries shall be alleviated to you or compensated. One of the very greatest perplexities of nature is this very one, that the Creator should have left you to yourselves. You know there is a God, yet you know your own ignorance of Him, of His will, of your duties, of your prospects. A revelation would be the greatest of possible boons which could be vouchsafed to you. After all, you do not know, you only conclude that there is a God; you see Him not, you do but hear of Him. He acts under a veil; He is on the point of manifesting Himself to you at every turn, yet He does not. He has impressed on your hearts anticipations of His majesty; in every part of creation has He left traces of His presence and given glimpses of His glory; you come up to the spot, He has been there, but He is gone. He has taught you His law, unequivocally indeed, but by deduction and by suggestion, not by direct command. He has always addressed you circuitously, by your inward sense, by the received opinion, by the events of life, by vague traditions, by dim histories; but as if of set purpose, and by

an evident law, He never actually appears to your longing eyes or your weary heart, He never confronts you with Himself. What can be meant by all this? a spiritual being abandoned by its Creator! there must doubtless be some awful and all-wise reason for it; still a sore trial it is; so sore, surely, that you must gladly hail the news of His interference to remove or diminish it.

The news then of a revelation, far from suspicious, is borne in upon our hearts by the strongest presumptions of reason in its behalf. It is hard to believe that it is not given, as indeed the conduct of mankind has ever shown. You cannot help expecting it from the hands of the All-merciful, unworthy as you feel yourselves of it. It is not that you can claim it, but that He inspires hope of it; it is not you that are worthy of the gift, but it is the gift which is worthy of your Creator. It is so urgently probable, that little evidence is required for it, even though but little were given. Evidence that God has spoken you must have, else were you a prey to impostures; but its extreme likelihood allows you, were it necessary, to dispense with all proof that is not barely sufficient for your purpose. The very fact, I say, that there is a Creator, and a hidden one, powerfully bears you on and sets you down at the very threshold of revelation, and leaves you there looking up earnestly for divine tokens that a revelation has been made.

GOD'S ONLY PROPHET.

Do you go with me as far as this, that a revelation is probable? Well, then, a second remark and I have done. It is this,—the teaching of the Church manifestly is that revelation. Why should it not be? This mark has she set upon her at very first sight, that she is unlike every other profession of religion. Were she God's Prophet or Messenger, she would be distinctive in her characteristics, isolated and special; and so she is. She is one, not only internally, but in contrast to everything else; she has no relationship with any other body. And hence, too, you see the question lies between the Church and no divine messenger at all; there is no revelation given us, unless she is the organ of it, for

where else is there a Prophet to be found? Your anticipation, which I have been speaking of, has failed, your probability has been falsified, if she be not that Prophet of God. Not that this conclusion is an absurdity, for you cannot take it for granted that your hope of a revelation will be fulfilled; but in whatever degree it is probable that it will be fulfilled, in that degree it is probable that the Church, and nothing else, is the means of fulfilling it. Nothing else; for you cannot believe in your heart that this or that sect, that this or that establishment is, in its teaching and its commands, the oracle of the Most High. I know you cannot say in your heart, "I believe this or that, because the English Establishment or the Scotch declares that it is true." Nor could you, I am sure, trust the Russian community, or the Nestorian, or the Jacobite, as speaking from God; at the utmost you might, if you were learned in these matters, look on them as venerable depositories of historical matter, and witnesses of past ages. You would exercise your judgment and criticism on what they said, and would never think of taking their word as decisive; they are in no sense Prophets, Oracles, Judges, of supernatural truth; and the contrast between them and the Catholic Church is a preliminary evidence in her favour.

A Prophet is one who comes from God, who speaks with authority, who is ever one and the same, who is precise and decisive in his statements, who is equal to successive difficulties, and can smite and overthrow error. Such has the Catholic Church shown herself in her history, such is she at this day. She alone has the divine spell of controlling the reason of man, and of eliciting faith in her word from high and low, educated and ignorant, restless and dull-minded. Even those who are alien to her, and whom she does not move to obedience, she moves to respect and admiration. The most profound thinkers and the most sagacious politicians predict her future triumphs, while they marvel at her past. Her enemies are frightened at the sight of her, and have no better mode of warfare against her than that of blackening her with slanders, or of driving her into the wilderness. To see her is to recognize her;

her look and bearing is the evidence of her royal lineage. True, her tokens might be clearer than they are; I grant it; she might have been set up in Adam, and not in Peter; she might have embraced the whole family of men; she might have been the instrument of inwardly converting all hearts; she might have had no scandals within or misfortunes without; she might, in short, have been a heaven on earth; but does she not show as glorious in our sight as a creature, as her God does as the Creator? If He does not display the highest possible tokens of His presence in nature, why should His Messenger display hers in grace? You believe the Scriptures; do not her character and conduct show as divine as Jacob does, or as Samuel, or as David, or as Jeremias, or in a far higher measure? Has she not notes far more than sufficient for the purpose of convincing you? She takes her rise from the very coming of Christ, and receives her charter, as also her very form and mission, from His mouth. "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father Who is in heaven. And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." Coming to you, then, from the very time of the Apostles, spreading out into all lands, triumphing over a thousand revolutions, exhibiting so awful a unity, glorying in so mysterious a vitality, so majestic, so imperturbable, so bold, so saintly, so sublime, so beautiful, O ye sons of men, can ye doubt that she is the Divine Messenger for whom you seek? O long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms, come to her, poor wanderers, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold the meaning of your being and the secret of your destiny. She alone can open to you the gate of heaven, and put you on your way. "Arise, shine, O Jerusalem: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; for, behold,

darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee." "Open ye the gates, that the just nation, that keepeth the truth, may enter in. The old error is passed away; Thou wilt keep peace,—peace, because we have hoped in Thee. Lord, Thou wilt give peace to us, for Thou hast wrought all our works for us. O Lord our God, other lords besides Thee have dominion over us, but in Thee only make we mention of Thy Name. The dying, let them not live; the giants, let them not rise again; therefore, Thou hast visited and broken them, and hast destroyed all their memory."

THE CHOICE.

O my brethren, turn away from the Catholic Church, and to whom will you go? It is your only chance of peace and assurance in this turbulent, changing world. There is nothing between it and scepticism, when men exert their reason freely. Private creeds, fancy religions, may be showy and imposing to the many in their day; national religions may lie huge and lifeless, and cumber the ground for centuries, and distract the attention or confuse the judgment of the learned; but on the long run it will be found that either the Catholic Religion is verily and indeed the coming in of the unseen world into this, or that there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we are going. Unlearn Catholicism, and you become Protestant, Unitarian, Deist, Pantheist, Sceptic, in a dreadful, but infallible, succession; only not infallible, by some accident of your position, of your education, and of your cast of mind; only not infallible, if you dismiss the subject of religion from your mind, deny yourself your reason, devote your thoughts to moral duties, or dissipate them in engagements of the world. Go, then, and do your duty to your neighbour, be just, be kindly-tempered, be hospitable, set a good example, uphold religion as good for society; pursue your business, or your profession, or your pleasure; eat and drink, read the news, visit your friends, build and furnish, plant and sow, buy and sell, plead and debate, work for the world, settle your children, go home and

die, but eschew religious inquiry, if you will not have faith, nor hope that you can have faith, if you will not join the Church.

Avoid, I say, inquiry, else, for it will but lead you thither where there is no light, no peace, no hope; it will lead you to the deep pit, where the sun and the moon and the stars and the beauteous heavens are not, but chilliness, and barrenness, and perpetual desolation. O perverse children of men, who refuse truth when offered you, because it is not truer! O restless hearts and fastidious intellects, who seek a gospel more salutary than the Redeemer's, and a creation more perfect than the Creator's! God, forsooth, is not great enough for you; you have those high aspirations and those philosophical notions, inspired by the original Tempter, which are content with nothing that is, which determine that the Most High is too little for your worship, and His attributes too narrow for your love. Satan fell by pride; and what was said of old as if of him, may surely now, by way of warning, be applied to all who copy him: "Because thy heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am God, and I sit in the chair of God, ... whereas thou art a man and not God, and hast set thy heart as if it were the heart of God, therefore . . . . I will bring thee to nothing, and thou shalt not be, and if thou be sought for, thou shalt not be found any more for ever."

QUESTIONS FOR ONE WHOM IT CONCERNS

1. What is meant by the One Church of which the Creed speaks?

2. Is it a generalization or a thing?

3. Does it belong to past history or to the present time?

4. Does not Scripture speak of it as a kingdom?

5. And a kingdom which was to last to the end?

6. What is a kingdom? and what is meant when Scripture calls the Church a kingdom?

7. Is it a visible kingdom, or an invisible?

8. Can a kingdom have two governments, and these acting in contrary directions?

9. Is identity of institutions, opinions, or race, sufficient to make two nations one kingdom?

10. Is the Episcopal form, the hierarchy, or the Apostles' Creed, sufficient to make the Churches of Rome and of England one?

11. Where there are parts, does not unity require union, and a visible unity require a visible union?

12. How can two religions be the same which have utterly distinct worships and ideas of worship?

13. Can two religions be one, if the most sacred peculiar act of worship in the one is called "a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit" in the other?

14. Has not the One Church of Christ one faith?

15. Can a Church be Christ's which has not one faith?

16. Which is contradictory to itself in its documents?

17. And in different centuries?

18. And in its documents contrasted with its divines?

19. And in its divines and members one with another?

20. What is the faith of the English Church?

21. How many Councils does the English Church admit?

22. Does the English Church consider the present Nestorian and Jacobite Churches under an anathema, or part of the visible Church?

23. Is it necessary, or possible, to believe any one but a professed messenger from God?

24. Is the English Church, does she claim to be, a messenger from God?

25. Does she impart the truth, or bid us seek it?

26. If she leaves us to seek it, do members of the English Church seek it with that earnestness which Scripture enjoins?

27. Is a person safe who lives without faith, even though he seems to have hope and charity?

[Extracted by permission from Cardinal Newman's *Loss and Gain.*]

MONSIEUR OLIER

(1608–1657.)

By the Rev. JAMES BELLORD.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Church of Jesus Christ has received from Him a life that can never fail, but not by any means a life that is absolutely invulnerable. There is an ebb and flow in her affairs; she has seasons of progress and seasons of decline. In her field there are tares as well as wheat, subjects of scandal as well as of edification. She has an immensity to glory in, but not a little to be ashamed of, in the human element that is combined in her with the divine. Persecution, heresy, atheism, moral corruption, have by turns raged against her and wrought havoc in her ranks; but when the crisis of her fate has arrived, the hand of the Almighty has been stretched forth, and she has renewed her youth like the eagle: "She has come forth bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her"—(Macaulay). There are times when hope itself seems dead. Then it is that God raises up the providential man, prepares him in humility and suffering, fills him with the Divine Spirit, and makes of him a great founder or reformer, whose influence will work for generations through his disciples. Such were St. Gregory the Great and St. Gregory VII., SS. Basil and Benedict, SS. Francis and Dominic, St. Ignatius, St. Theresa, St. Vincent de Paul, and Don Bosco. Even among names so great may be written the

name of one, untitled in the hierarchy of heaven as in the hierarchy of the Church militant, Monsieur Jean Jacques Olier, a parish priest, the founder of ecclesiastical education, and the regenerator of the secular clergy.

The Council of Trent was a great culminating point in the life of the Church. One epoch was ending, and the modern period was opening. The Church had to adjust her action to totally new conditions, and to devise new methods of procedure. Reform and reorganization alike were necessary. The incessant turmoil of the middle ages, foreign wars and internal dissensions, a revival of the old spirit of paganism, and the insurgence of new heresies, scandals in high places, unbridled luxury and unfathomable misery, had resulted in relaxing the bonds of discipline, extinguishing the earlier enthusiasm, and disorganising the system of the Church. The people were plunged in ignorance, the clergy to a great extent in indolence and incapacity. The priesthood was often a mere means of livelihood, monasteries sometimes kept up only the external forms of the religious life, abbacies and bishoprics had become family livings for the younger sons of the nobility. As in the Anglican Establishment of the present day there are lay-rectors of parishes and lay-impropriators of tithes belonging to the Church, so was it formerly in France. The Abbots and Priors of great monasteries were often mere boys, tonsured in order that they might be in some sense ecclesiastics, distinguished from laymen only by the prelatial purple of their silken doublet and cloak, who disported themselves at Court, fought duels, and gambled away the patrimony of the poor in the royal antechambers. Of anything like professional training for the priestly state there was almost none. The candidate simply presented himself and was ordained; a Bishop of rigid views might perhaps send him to a religious house to be trained to priestly virtues and priestly duties during a week's retreat. This calamitous state of things had come about by degrees; it was guarded by the passions and personal interests of King, and Aristocracy, and

Churchmen themselves; it had woven itself into the life and habits of the French nation. At the same time the central authority of the Church was distant, communication was restricted, and Governments were jealous of interference. When there was thus no control of the Holy See over the Episcopate, of Bishops over the clergy, of clergy over their flocks, of Abbots over monasteries, there could be no other result but the gradual dissolution of religious and moral bonds.

The Council of Trent had recognised the only adequate remedy, and ordered its adoption. Every Bishop was to establish an Ecclesiastical College for the fostering of vocations, and the segregation of students from the dangers of the world, and their training in virtue and science. Nothing could have seemed easier of accomplishment, granting a serious and united effort on the part of the Bishops, and a sufficiency of funds. Yet eighty years had elapsed, and except for the seminaries of Rome, and that of Milan established by St. Charles, all the efforts of Bishops and Governments, of religious congregations, and even of Saints, had ended in failure. St. Francis of Sales desired to form three men so that they might inaugurate a seminary system: after seventeen years of efforts he confessed that he had trained only one and a half. A holy priest, M. Bourdoise, tried during thirty years, and only succeeded in getting together a society of parish rectors, who gave some pastoral instruction to young priests. The chief object of Cardinal de Berulle in founding the French Oratory was to provide seminaries for the kingdom and a congregation of capable directors: but the three establishments which were started soon degenerated into ordinary schools, and came to an end. St. Vincent de Paul wished his missionary priests to prepare students for the priesthood, but they never got further than giving ordination retreats. A seminary at Limoges struggled on for twenty years without producing a single priest. Bordeaux, Rouen, Rheims, Agen opened seminaries that came to nothing. In 1625 the Bishops proposed to establish four large seminaries for the whole country, but

they could not agree on any system, or find priests of their own capable of organizing one; and they hesitated at employing the regular congregations, since these would not be completely subject to their control. Thus all the efforts of the best men had failed; the command of the Tridentine Council was considered to be an impracticable ideal; and evidently it could be carried out only by the direct motion of God.

II.

THE PERIOD OF PREPARATION: 1608–1642.

JEAN Jacques Olier, the third son of James and Mary Olier de Verneuil, was born in Paris on September 20, 1608. The families of his parents belonged to the highest official class, and filled distinguished positions under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. M. and Mme. de Verneuil were excellent Catholics in that corrupt age, but at the same time they were worldly-minded, and very ambitious for their children. The infant was put out to nurse in the Rue St. Sulpice, and even then he instinctively recognised the Sacred Presence on the altar of the parish with which he is evermore associated. However fractious he might be, it was sufficient to take him inside the Church, and at once he was pacified. One of his earliest impressions, and a predominant one in his life, was of the exceeding holiness that befits a priest standing in silence and alone in the presence of God: he was then about seven years old. The child learned from his father a most vivid devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which ever grew with his years. He could do nothing without first saying a Hail Mary, and would confide all his troubles and joys to his holy patroness.

At eight years of age Jean Jacques was tonsured, and

presented to a benefice, of which thenceforth he drew the revenues. He was destined for the Church, and gave early promise of a distinguished career by his quickness in learning and retentive memory; but, on the other hand, he was impetuous and unmanageable, was for ever getting into dangerous scrapes, and risking his life by his utter recklessness. Mme. de Verneuil, who never understood her son as child or as man, aggravated him by incessant scoldings and beatings, till she made his life a burthen to him. Meeting St. Francis de Sales at Lyons, she expressed a fear that so wicked a child would never be fit for the ecclesiastical state. The holy Bishop, after praying to God for light, declared that the wickedness was no more than the exuberance of a strong nature, and that the boy was destined to become a renowned servant of God. Divine Providence in a manner compelled him to keep himself in a state of grace; for whenever he had fallen into sin, he found himself completely incapacitated for his studies. In 1626, having finished his course at the Sorbonne with great distinction, he was nominated Commendatory Abbot of Pebrac, Prior of Bazainville and of the Benedictines of Clisson, and Count-Canon of St. Julien. He now set up an establishment of his own in Paris, with horses and two carriages, several servants, and a retinue to accompany him. He had the entry into the best society, and was received with universal favour, on account of his family connections, his handsome person, his wealth and wit and charm of manner. Although not in even minor orders, he was possessed, as Abbot, of jurisdiction and the right to preach. His sermons, most carefully composed, drew fashionable audiences, and Mme. Olier de Verneuil was delighted with their popularity, their ingenious conceits, their elegant delivery, and their complete lack of the unction of the Holy Spirit. Monsieur the Abbot of Pebrac was intoxicated with his successes, and threw himself with characteristic ardour into a life of worldliness, frivolity, and extravagance. He was assured now of high position in the Church, but his parents were sufficiently religious

not to desire it on such terms. They were as much averse to a life of scandal as to a life of sanctity, and they now sought, by prayers to God and remonstrances with their son, to bring about his conversion. They were more successful than they wished.

There was a person whose special vocation in life was, by means of prayer, to obtain the sanctification of Olier, and to guide him throughout his course in the path appointed to him by God. In his twenty-first year, returning one day with a party of gay young Abbots from the Fair of St. Germain, he passed by the shop of a humble widow, who stood at her door, and, looking sadly at them, exclaimed: "Oh, gentlemen, I have long prayed for your conversion." This was Marie Rousseau, a woman of extraordinary sanctity and humility, who, while yet a child, had the inspiration to pray that she might help to form holy men to labour in God's service. Her constant petitions were for the conversion of her own district of St. Sulpice, and the reform of the secular clergy. Earlier than any of the holy men who guided M. Olier, she seems to have recognised him as God's instrument for those purposes. She was supernaturally enlightened by God; her words, though simple, possessed great power, and she was consulted by the highest in Church and State. From the moment that she spoke, a change began to take place in M. Olier. Some time later he went to Rome to prosecute his studies, and while there he went in pilgrimage to Loreto. As he entered the basilica, attired as a layman, an unknown woman addressed him: "French Abbot, be converted and live to God, or woe betide you." Here he received health of soul and body; he was suddenly cured of fever and a painful affection of the eyes; and he first felt the hand of God drawing him to a life of perfection.

The death of his father soon recalled M. Olier to Paris. His mother was negotiating for his appointment to a Court Chaplaincy; but he refused it, and after spending almost a year in retirement and prayer, he came forth to active life; and, to his mother's unutterable disgust, gave himself to the service of the most

miserable and degraded among the poor of Paris. He would gather them in the streets, or at Church doors, or in his own apartments, to instruct them in the faith and relieve their distress, and often he would prostrate himself and kiss their feet. As a matter of course, he was accounted to be mad.

M. Olier now placed himself under the direction of St. Vincent de Paul, and devoted himself to helping his priests in their missions throughout the country, and especially in the districts where his benefices or the family estates were situated. Guided by the Saint, he concluded that his vocation was to the secular clergy and not to a religious order, and accordingly he was ordained priest in May 1633.

The next nine years are a record of zealous work for souls, of gradual sanctification, of the manifestation of God's will, and of experience, gathered in every part of France, of the needs of the people and of the clergy. At that time God had raised up holy men to undertake a new form of apostolic labour, as missionaries not connected with any diocese, but going hither and thither to instruct the ignorant populations and revive the practice of religion. M. Olier joined with some other zealous young priests, Commendatory Abbots and Priors like himself, and began a series of missions, some of which lasted for months. The poor people thronged to hear the word of God, which they had seldom heard before; the Sacraments began to be frequented, abuses were corrected, associations were formed for various good works, the face of the country was renewed. St. Vincent de Paul remarked: "I know not how it is, but a benediction seems to follow you everywhere." It was not the lay-folk only, but the clergy as well, who were like sheep without a shepherd. They were ignorant, untrained in priestly functions, and there was none to teach them better. But the example of a few men of energy and self-sacrifice was a revelation to them, and revived their dormant zeal. Canons and parish priests began to preach and catechise, to visit the poor, the sick, the galley-slaves; they beautified

their Churches, gave missions took measures for properly recruiting their ranks, and thus perpetuated the good which had been done transiently by the missionaries.

One very important means devised by St. Vincent de Paul for the development of the apostolic spirit, for mutual edification, and for stimulating works of zeal, was the Clerical Conference. Among the parish clergy this had much the same utility as General Councils in the Church, or as National, Provincial, and Diocesan Synods, each in its own sphere. It was, in fact, an almost necessary supplement to them; it brought individual priests into a union of combined action with others; and although this assembly was deliberative only and not legislative, it was the means of discovering what legislation was needed, and suggesting it to the chief authority in the diocese. The use of professional congresses was known in the Church long before the idea had been adopted by any other body of men; but the lapse of time and the prevalence of civil disorder had either put an end to these assemblies, or had reduced them to an empty form, without any of the reality or the utility of deliberative councils. M. Olier and his priests took every opportunity of introducing these conferences, with the result that the clergy ceased to be isolated and inarticulate atoms, and were enabled to ventilate new ideas, and profit by one another's experience.

Many of the Religious Houses of France had fallen into a state of relaxation that was lamentable and even scandalous. The difficulties of reforming them were very great. The members had a vested interest in their monasteries, and could not be dispossessed; their contract with the Order was to observe a relaxed rule, and they had a legal right to refuse any further obligations. The task of monastic reform fell to the lot of these secular priests. M. Olier's zeal had no result as to his own Abbey of Pebrac, but had remarkable success in several other cases.

A man possessed of such qualifications as M. Olier

seemed designed by Providence to be a great Bishop of the Church. Few men have escaped that burthen so many times as he. But he was reserved by God for a position, which, though far less dignified, proved in his case to be one of much greater importance and more enduring influence. Two years after his ordination, he was asked for by some Bishop, probably of Puy or Rodez, as his coadjutor; and in 1639 he was actually nominated as Coadjutor of Chalons. Even St. Vincent de Paul, man of God as he was, was mistaken about M. Olier's vocation, and strongly urged him to accept. Just before this time, however, he had by a kind of inspiration taken Father de Condren as his director; and this holy man was enlightened by God to declare to him that he was reserved for some other function in the Church. Father Charles de Condren, Superior of the French Oratory, was one of the many great but uncanonized saints who flourished then. His particular calling was direction, especially of the clergy; he never wrote; his gift was exercised in conversation. He had long known the designs of Providence as to M. Olier, and his own duty in preparing the way; but he kept "the secret of the King" rigidly till the day before his death.

Another divine intimation as to his future had already been conveyed to M. Olier, again by means of a holy woman, this time a nun. While in his room at the Monastery of St. Lazare, shortly after his ordination, he twice had a vision of a venerable religious weeping and praying for him. At first he thought it was the Blessed Virgin, but soon concluded that it must be some living person. A few months later, while engaged in missions, he heard a great deal about the high sanctity of Mother Agnes of Jesus, Superior of the Convent of Langeac. Proceeding there, he recognised in her his preternatural visitant. She told him that the Blessed Virgin had ordered her to pray for him, and that he was chosen to found a seminary, which should be the model of all others in France. The work of her life was to promote that object by her prayers and mortifications. Having delivered her message, she pronounced her

Nunc dimittis, and died on October 19, 1634. She had promised to bequeath to M. Olier her Guardian Angel, one of the highest in that Celestial Choir, to be a special additional protector to him in doing the work of God. At the moment of her death, M. Olier saw the Angel descending on him from heaven to take up his new charge.

Suffering is a necessary element in the training of God's greatest servants. M. Olier was seldom free from pain; he had several grievous illnesses, and some of these were cured suddenly on his making a pilgrimage to some shrine of Our Lady, or invoking her assistance. In addition to all this, he suffered the agonies of spiritual desolation. He lived in constant dread of proving to be a second Judas, and losing his soul. His nerves were shattered, all his faculties were impaired, he became almost incapable of priestly duty, he found no consolation in prayer. To his companions he became an object of pity and contempt, as one fallen from high estate and abandoned by God. Thus did God humble before exalting him, and show him his own insufficiency, that he might have no temptation to glory in his subsequent success. It was, no doubt, necessary for the formation of his character. He was naturally liable to temptations of vanity, his manner was unconsciously somewhat domineering, and he showed a precipitancy which needed to be controlled. This state of humiliation began about 1638, and culminated in 1640. He was still enduring this trial when Father de Condren died in January 1641.

Marie Rousseau knew that the desire of her life was on the point of accomplishment; and she was urged by the Holy Spirit to co-operate, by encouraging the priests who were the chief agents in it. Like Moses, she hesitated, but at last consented. Father de Condren now sought an interview with her: she told him his days were numbered, and begged him to speak out what was in his mind. Two days before his death, he met M. du Ferrier, one of M. Olier's principal associates, and at great length set before him the method to be followed as to the proposed seminary. A few days after his death,

he appeared in glory to M. Olier, and declared that he left him, with two other priests, the heirs of his spirit, and bade him give up mission work in order to start a community of secular priests to organise the seminary. From this moment M. Olier recovered his balance of mind, and resumed his old position among his companions.

The society of priests, numbering eight, now betook themselves to Chartres, bought a house, expended large sums upon it, and invited candidates for ordination to make their retreats there. By this means they had hoped to attract both priests and students as the nucleus of a seminary. For eight months they continued: nothing came of it; opposition and troubles arose; their faith was tempted by the thought that God had abandoned His own work, and finally the society broke up and was dispersed. A new opening now offered at Vaugirard, immediately outside Paris. At first opposed to it, finally M. Olier and two other priests accepted the proposal. The general opinion in Paris was very unfavourable; so many previous failures on the part of great communities made everyone think it impossible that three secular priests could do any better. God made known to them, however, through Marie Rousseau, that this attempt would succeed. She sought out several priests who had strong prejudices against the scheme, convinced them, and even gained them as members for the new community. The priest-directors soon numbered twenty; young men who had finished their preliminary studies presented themselves in quick succession; a community was formed, and a rule of life was drawn up, which remains substantially the same to this day.

Following in the footsteps of M. Faillon, the biographer of Abbot Olier, we must treat the next period of ten years in two parts, according to the double position filled by this great priest, as Rector of the parish of St. Sulpice, and as President of the Seminary.

III.

THE PARISH OF ST. SULPICE: 1642–1652.

On the southern side of the Seine lay a great suburb, extending from the Palace of the Luxembourg to beyond the Hôtel des Invalides, known as the City of St. Germain. It depended for its civil and ecclesiastical administration on the head of the royal Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, and was not considered as part of Paris. Then, as now, the "Faubourg" was the chosen residence of the French nobility, and, with its 450,000 inhabitants, it ranked as the second city of the kingdom. The ruler of this independent quasi-principality was Henry de Bourbon, a natural son of King Henry IV., possibly tonsured, certainly married; he was Abbot of St. Germain and Bishop of Metz, and did his duty to the Church by receiving the revenues and spending them on himself. The Rector of St. Sulpice was parish priest of the whole of the vast suburb, which is now divided into at least seven parishes, and he had as his chief churchwardens the Duke of Orleans and his sons. St. Germain in 1640 was a very sink of all abominations, the plague-spot of Paris and the kingdom, the refuge of every criminal, the home of immorality, heresy, atheism, violence, and devil-worship even. In 1641 a great mission had been given by St. Vincent's priests, but its very success in one quarter only served to make the general prospect seem more desperate. The Parish Church was small and dilapidated, and very sparsely attended. The services were few, slovenly, unpunctual; the accessories of divine worship were disgraceful when they were not deficient. The clergy limited their zeal to the duties of necessary routine. Of the hangers-on in sacristy and choir, it is enough to say that their conduct was such as to give disedification.

The Rector of the parish, M. de Fiesque, moved by the dread of his great responsibility and his incapacity, and by the wish to retire to the peaceful enjoyment of some fat benefice in the country, took the opportunity of the annual pilgrimage of his parish to Vaugirard, to offer his living to the new community, in exchange for M. Olier's Priory of Clisson and an annuity in addition. As was most natural, such a proposal was promptly rejected by all; the conduct of a seminary was difficult enough in a decent locality, without adding to it the incongruous duties of such a parish. But the obscure widow, whom God had made His mouthpiece, received supernatural knowledge of the proposition, and declared to M. Olier that it was in accordance with the will of God, and that it was, moreover, necessary for the success of the seminary that he himself should take charge of the parish. He hesitated no longer at a step condemned by human prudence, and opposed by all except two of his community; he concluded the business arrangements, took possession of the Church on August 9, 1642, and transferred his seminary on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Madame de Verneuil was furious that her son, who might have been Bishop, Peer of France, and Cardinal even, should disgrace his family by becoming a common curé, and wasting his life in saving the souls of people who had never been presented at Court.

The chief administrative measure of the new Rector was prayer. He spent hours before the Tabernacle, often the whole night; there he found the energy, the wisdom, the courage, the patience, which he needed in such abundance during his ten years of struggle. The next thing was to organise the parochial clergy by bringing them to live in common under a rule. The former curates objected to this change in their habits of life, and also to the abolition of certain fees which they had enjoyed. The Rector compensated some, pensioned others, brought forward some of his own priests, and soon formed a community of fifty for parish work. He also made arrangements with the numerous religious orders in the parish for joint action in the one great cause.

His next care was for the house of God. Every altar had to be destroyed and replaced, a sacristy was built, all the appointments were renewed on a magnificent scale, the attendance of the students added dignity to the services. The ministry of the Word had fallen into profound neglect, and consequently the faithful, even in the upper classes, were plunged in an ignorance which led to an utter indifference to religion. M. Olier arranged for frequent sermons: they were not to be rhetorical compositions on abstract subjects, but were simply to make known Christ Incarnate, His life, His virtues, His sufferings, devotion to Him in the Blessed Sacrament, and devotion to His holy Mother. There was a short discourse at daybreak for those who were going to work, and at night a spiritual reading and instruction. Three times a week in Lent he assembled the servants from the mansions of the Faubourg for practical instructions, and thrice again the beggars and cripples, to whom he also distributed alms. Controversial lectures were delivered for the benefit of Protestants.

Devotion to Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, long forgotten, now rapidly revived. Daily Mass was well attended, communions became frequent, general monthly communions were established and the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament. The Holy Viaticum was carried with due honours to the sick. Benediction was given twice in the month. A lady wished to give an endowment for High Mass and Benediction every Thursday. But M. Olier's fervour was not the less prudent for being intense. He knew that a good thing can be overdone, and that solemnity is destroyed when it is made too common. By degrees a circle of faithful souls began the Perpetual Adoration, at first for the day hours, and afterwards for all the twenty-four. There was Exposition on two days in the year, and the Forty Hours before Lent. Love of the Mother cannot be separated from love of the Son. This was made the second great devotion. M. Olier dedicated his parish from the first to the Blessed Virgin, and had a procession in her honour once a month for the young people.

In order to secure the religious training of the children, the Rector appointed fourteen centres, to each of which several of the students were sent every day to teach some thousands of children who there assembled. He drew up a Catechism for their use, which was not too full or too technical to be understood by them; and he was careful that they should be educated in the practice of their religion, as well as in the repetition of its formulas. This care for the children led to the conversion of many of their parents.

The Church soon proved too small for the increasing attendance. M. Olier proposed to replace it with another of about four times the size. The first stone of the present magnificent edifice was laid in 1646, and the walls were raised to their full height before his death; then interruptions occurred, and the works, resumed in 1718, were only completed in 1745.

This holy priest's love for the poor of Jesus Christ made him most prodigal in almsgiving. The wretched and destitute always had free access to him. Twice a week there was a distribution of food, sometimes to as many as nine hundred persons. A census was made of the parish, and from this was compiled a list of fifteen hundred respectable poor, who were to be relieved secretly. His charity extended also to the fallen creatures who abounded in that city of vice; trustworthy women were appointed to seek them out and offer them an asylum and a livelihood. Failures and relapses were numerous: but when anyone raised this objection the holy man replied, "No labour done for Jesus Christ can be called lost. Life would be profitably spent in saving only one soul." When gentler means had failed, he appealed to the civil power to enforce the laws against disorderly houses. The trade-guilds were an old-established source of debauchery and superstitious practices. The vigilant pastor, after much trouble, reformed them into devotional and charitable confraternities.

The incessant activity of three years was making its mark, when a storm arose which threatened to undo all. It was the necessary tribulation which must test

every great work of God. M. de Fiesque led the way by putting forward exorbitant demands, either for a larger income or for the restoration of the parish to him. The Duke of Orleans and other churchwardens combined with some of the discontented curates of the earlier time, and all the profligates and bravos made ready to take their revenge. The excitement spread, insults and threats prepared the way for violence, and it was resolved to expel M. Olier. On June 8, 1645, a mob forced the Presbytery door, dragged the Rector forth, overwhelmed him with blows, as well as St. Vincent de Paul who had hastened to his assistance, and left him half dead, while they returned to sack his house. For three days the mob remained in possession, the seminary stood empty, the offices ceased in the Church, all men thought that the end had come ; none but Marie Rousseau and a few pious souls shared M. Olier's confidence in the protection of God. After a few days he was reinstated by order of the King ; but this was the signal for a further outbreak. Three hundred women of evil life, decked in all their finery, approached the Duke of Orleans to ask his good offices against the turbulent priest who was ruining St. Germain. A detachment of the Royal Guards now appeared to maintain order during the solemnities of Corpus Christi. Some of the ringleaders were imprisoned ; M. de Fiesque was arrested. Now, for the first time, M. Olier, who had maintained his calmness unruffled throughout, was disturbed. He did not rest until he had secured from the Queen the release of the malefactors. His subsequent kindness to all of them, and especially in attending some who died prematurely within a short time, caused it to be currently said that the surest way to the favour of M. le Curé was to do him some serious injury.

The Queen and M. Olier's friends now wished him to retire from a position so arduous and so dangerous, and to accept the Bishopric of Rodez, where he would find peace, and at the same time a wider field of action. Again Marie Rousseau determined him to remain at the post where God had placed him. M. de Fiesque was

now bought off by the sacrifice of other benefices belonging to members of the community. Things resumed their ordinary course, hostility was soon replaced by an unbounded veneration for M. Olier and his priests, and the grace of God was poured forth most abundantly on their undertakings. An immense revival of religion took place in every class. Communions ran up to 200,000 a year in the Parish Church alone. Many persons began to lead lives of Christian perfection, regulating their day by rule, and practising mental prayer and mortification. The heads of households awoke to their responsibility for the instruction and the morals of their dependents. Whatever good work was proposed by M. Olier, he found men and women ready to second him with their purses and their services. The charity bestowed by them must have been enormous to meet all his wants. Associations of ladies were formed to visit the poor and wait upon them. Schools of instruction in needlework and domestic duties were opened for grown-up girls; these afterwards developed into a Sisterhood, under the direction of Marie Rousseau, which she carried on till her death in 1680. There were some who took charge of orphans, others instructed converts from Protestantism and provided for them, others made vestments for the Church. Each association had a day for its meeting, and monthly devotions at St. Sulpice. The most extraordinary of M. Olier's helpers were two working tradesmen of no particular education—a cutler named Clement, and a draper named Beaumais. An eminent controversialist, Father Veron, had been invited to hold discussions with the Protestants of the parish. He was a man of acute intelligence and caustic wit, and never failed to silence and humiliate his opponents, but he made no conversions. The two tradesmen had received powers which no learned doctor of the Sorbonne could rival—a gift of explaining controverted doctrines, and a persuasiveness that went to the heart. They engaged in conversation with Protestants, and then in informal discussions; and at a later date Beaumais went on a controversial mission through the districts infected with heresy. The conversions due to

these humble apostles were to be numbered by thousands.

M. Olier's extraordinary influence is shown by two great triumphs which he won over the tyranny of fashion and human respect among the nobility, a tyranny which generally is irresistible. In an age when the slaughter of men in public or private warfare was one of the few occupations considered worthy of a gentleman, duelling was a most important and valued institution. The duel was not the pompous farce that it is in France at the present day. Life was then the stake; and high physical courage and address were needed in the presence of a real danger. During one week, in the parish of St. Sulpice alone, seventeen men met their death in single combat; and throughout the kingdom it is estimated that thousands perished annually. The custom, viewed in its merely natural aspect, was perhaps beneficial to the country, as being a check on the multiplication of a turbulent and unproductive class that preyed upon the industry of others; but it was an uncivilized and unchristian fashion, and doubtless brought many souls to perdition, who otherwise might possibly have escaped it. M. Olier founded the Company of the Passion, and managed to enlist as its first members some distinguished officers and noblemen of proved valour, men who dared to face ridicule, and who could venture to refuse a challenge without suspicion as to their motives. After one or two exhibitions by them of Christian courage, the conscience of Court society awoke, and stamped the new movement with its approval. One of the great obstacles to Christian living was removed, and many followed the few. Courtiers, officers, a hundred or so in the year, were now to be found making retreats at the seminary; and at a later date a number of the Companions formed themselves into a quasi-religious community, without vows, and gave themselves to a life of prayer and beneficence.

A second tyranny of fashion, equally hard to overthrow, was that exercised over the ladies of the Court by their milliners. M. Olier first inculcated great reverence for the presence of God and the Guardian Angels.

He required those who attended the worship of God to clothe themselves with decency, and he did not hesitate to humiliate in public some great ladies who deserved it. It came about that, even at Court, the fashions of dress were accommodated to the requirements of the Sixth Commandment.

The decay of religious feeling and the moral anarchy of the times had directed the aspirations of the surviving good Christians towards reform. The spirit of wickedness took advantage of this wholesome impulse to make it the vehicle of another form of evil. A specious and insidious heresy, which sapped the moral life under the pretence of austerity, now sprang into being, and diffused itself widely. It enjoined a severity which made Christian living seem unattainable; it alienated souls from Holy Communion, and left them a prey to temptation; resting on some refined distinctions concerning the recondite operations of grace, it cast the responsibility for men's sins on God, and dispensed them from all efforts after virtue and holiness. Some most estimable persons remained long in suspense as to the true character of Jansenism; many Bishops were more or less infected by it; the oratory of Cardinal de Berulle and Father de Condren lapsed completely; one or two of the Sulpicians, including M. de Foix, Bishop of Pamiers, fell away. It is one of the great glories of M. Olier, and a testimony to the divine source of his spiritual insight, that he was never for a moment hoodwinked, and that he kept his seminary, and, on the whole, his parish, free from the taint of this heresy, and loyal to the Church in its hierarchical centre. The saintly Fénelon was able to write in 1705 that the Jesuits and the Sulpicians were the only communities in France that had remained absolutely sound.

In 1648 began the civil wars of the Fronde, a period of trial that tested to the utmost the vigour and charity of the heroic priest. The mixed tyranny and imbecility of Mazarin's administration divided the royal house against itself, drove the people to revolt, and led the way to social anarchy throughout the realm. The

various heresies, including Jansenism, did their best to embitter the strife. The country was devastated, food ran short, prices rose, extensive inundations followed, tens of thousands were ruined and brought to a state of starvation. The Rector of St. Sulpice was more than equal to the occasion. He first united his parishioners in prayer and penance, with as much fervour as if supernatural remedies were the only ones; and then employed all the resources of natural energy, as if they alone were of any use. He formed a "Council of Charity" from the leading people among his acquaintance to collect and distribute funds. Fifteen hundred families in his own immediate neighbourhood were absolutely destitute; many orphans had to be provided for; a number of religious women from convents near Paris fled to the capital for safety from the savagery of the contending armies. M. Olier took on himself to support all these, and afterwards to give them a new start in life. When he had exhausted all his own resources, he sold his private property, parted with his benefices, solicited aid from his wealthy friends in Paris; and when all this proved insufficient, he left Paris by night, crossed the lines of the besiegers through deep snow, sought out the Queen, and obtained from her a large subsidy, with which he returned safely through a thousand imminent perils, protected by a special providence of God. Peace being restored, he prevailed on the Queen to prevent a recurrence of disorder by dismissing her Prime Minister, the evil genius of State and Church alike, Cardinal Mazarin.

It happened once during this time of stress that for two or three days M. Olier could find no time for the additional devotions which he had imposed on himself. The Blessed Virgin appeared and rebuked him for his negligence. It was evident that the success of his undertakings was due rather to his prayers than to his physical and mental exertions. As a further effect of his prayers, he had the satisfaction of converting many who had been leaders in the troubles; some turned to lives of holiness; others he assisted to die as true penitents.

Like a candle set in the midst of the house, the light of M. Olier's sanctity, as parish priest, illumined the whole of France, The organisations, and institutions, and devotions of St. Sulpice were copied first in neighbouring parishes, and then in other dioceses. Many Bishops asked for the services of priests trained as his curates, to reform distant parishes, and make them a standard for others. The despised office of pastor of souls came to be held in honour, and many men of high birth and distinguished talents were contented to serve God as simple rectors of parishes. Even the illnesses and enforced rests of the holy man from his labour were new means of extending his beneficial influence. His holidays were seasons of devotion, prayer, and charity. In 1647 he had so broken down that he had no alternative but to resign his parish or take three months' leave of absence. He took the opportunity to make a long-contemplated pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis de Sales at Annecy. Instead of recreating himself with scenery and sights, he spent the days in meditation, and paid long visits to the Churches at the stopping-places; he would stop the carriage to talk to beggars by the way, to give them alms, and to instruct them if they were ignorant of their religion. Whenever occasion offered he addressed assemblies of priests, urging them to sanctify themselves and their people. He visited the convents, and made the acquaintance of many holy recluses; he renewed their fervour, and continued to direct some of them by letter. A contemporary wrote: "God brought him among us to make innumerable conquests of souls." In this way was the sweet odour of his virtues diffused throughout almost every province of France.

Such was the life of M. Olier as Rector of the parish of St. Sulpice. In ten years he had wrought an incredible change in it. From a very Sodom of iniquity it had become a Promised Land, filled with holy and fervent souls, the centre of every good work, a model of organisation, regularity, and Christian living.

IV.

THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE: 1642–1652.

WONDERFUL as was the work of Jean Jacques Olier in the parish of St. Sulpice, his chief title to renown is that he was the originator of the seminary system, which, beginning in St. Sulpice, spread to the rest of France, and has moulded the education of ecclesiastics, and raised the status of the clergy throughout the world. On this account, he, though a simple secular priest, takes his place in the ranks of a select few, the great founders and reformers. The rector of a parish is an individual; the mark that he makes fades away in the course of time: but a founder's spirit lives in all the members of his community; he sees a long-lived progeny; "he leaves many disciples as successors of his priesthood"—(St. Maximus). M. Olier was endowed by God with both characters. It was most fitting that he who founded the educational system of secular priests should have experience of their special duties, and be himself the model of their active life.

After the transference of the seminary from Vaugirard to St. Sulpice, the community lived for some years in temporary quarters, occupying the Presbytery and some adjacent houses which they hired. For a long time their circumstances were very straitened. They had no fixed income beyond the private fortunes of the wealthier members, and the pensions paid by the others. Their revenues had been seriously reduced by the earlier expenses of conducting missions, by their previous attempts to establish colleges, and by the sacrifices required to satisfy the demands of M. de Fiesque. The community lived simply from hand to mouth, and were

sometimes in absolute want. M. Olier, nevertheless, would allow none of his companions to solicit external assistance; for he knew that God would provide for His own work in proper measure, and he was ready to limit the extension of the seminary accordingly.

After three years a site was purchased adjoining the Church, and temporary buildings were put up to accommodate the rapidly increasing numbers. At this time the two communities, the seminary and the parish staff, which had hitherto had a common lodging and a common table, were separated. It was not long before the new buildings proved to be insufficient, and M. Olier had to take thought for the erection of a permanent edifice. He was, however, utterly destitute of means, and could not determine what kind of building would best suit the special requirements of his institute. One day in 1649, while he was praying fervently in Notre Dame, the Most Holy Virgin appeared, and showed him the plan of a college, with a character of its own, unlike any existing schools or monasteries or asylums. Just at this time, several large legacies fell to one of his principal disciples. The seminary was at once begun, and was ready for occupation at the end of 1651.

The attention of the French Bishops had been drawn from the first to the new venture at St. Sulpice, and they recognised that now a solution might be expected of the important question of the education of the clergy. Some Bishops applied to M. Olier for information as to his methods, and opened seminaries in imitation of his. Still their attempts were not successful; besides the method, they needed properly trained priests to carry it out, and these were not to be created by an Episcopal decree. Applications then began to pour in, asking M. Olier to take over the diocesan seminaries, and unite them to St. Sulpice; or to lend some of his seminary directors to remain for a term of years, and raise up a body of diocesan priests who should ultimately succeed to their place. The requests of the Bishops were so numerous and pressing, that M. Olier was quite unable to comply with them; he often had to refrain from

calling on Bishops when travelling, for fear of their importunities and his own shorthandedness. The most necessitous dioceses were first attended to, and the others by degrees. The earliest records now remaining speak of seminaries established by the aid of the Sulpicians at St. Flour, Amiens, Nantes, Aix, Avignon, Viviers, Puy, Clermont; but there were certainly many others of which no records survive. During a century and a half, no less than one hundred and thirty applications for the foundation of seminaries were received from various dioceses. When the Sulpicians found themselves unable to fulfil all the demands made on them, the Bishops resorted to other means. They tried to establish a few seminaries at great centres to supply the wants of a number of dioceses; but this plan failed on account of difficulties about joint control, and the necessary limitation of each Bishop's authority to his own subjects. Different religious congregations were again called in, St. Vincent de Paul's missionary priests, the Eudists, and, in one or two cases, the Jesuits. Now that the true method of management had been exhibited at St. Sulpice, these new enterprises succeeded much better than the earlier ones.

Evil followed close upon the steps of good. The Jansenists had failed at an earlier date to found a centre in the parish of St. Sulpice. They now endeavoured to introduce their doctrines into the seminary; but here, too, they failed. This singular immunity was probably due to the intense devotion to the Blessed Virgin always cultivated by M. Olier's disciples. "Thou alone hast slain all heresies in the whole world." The sectarians next proceeded to establish a seminary of their own, where they gave a free education to poorer students. These were known as Gillotins, from their first superior, M. Gillot, during whose tenure of office five or six hundred were ordained priests. "It is incredible what harm they have done," says Fénelon. They were to be found everywhere throughout France—as Canons, Professors of the Sorbonne, and even on Episcopal thrones. The Sulpicians were their providential adversaries every-

where; they held Jansenism in check, extirpated it in some dioceses, and finally outlived it.

The effect of the new education was immediate and marvellous. The next generation of priests were all pupils of the seminaries. It was no longer possible to secure ordination after a training of one week in a Lazarist community. Many older priests retired for a while from their incumbencies to go through a course of instruction in the spirit and duties of their state. The Queen resolved to nominate none as Bishops but those who had passed through a seminary. There was a revival of religion, and the whole face of the country was changed. The former irreverence, insubordination, incapacity, idleness, became things of the past; and a body of well-educated, earnest, and often saintly priests renewed religion, faith, and virtue throughout the land.

One thing that is distinctive in the Sulpician reform in France is that a religious congregation was not created by God for the purpose, as were on similar occasions the Franciscans, Dominicans, or Jesuits; and that the light of the secular priesthood was not removed for a while from their candlestick, as once before by the Benedictines; but that the rehabilitation of the clergy first, and then of the people, was carried out by the secular clergy themselves. According to their founder's idea, the Sulpicians remain always a voluntary association of secular priests—without vows, without the title of Father, without any distinctive name but that of the parish of their origin. Their object, as laid down for them by God through His servants Father de Condren, Mother Agnes of Jesus, and Marie Rousseau, was not to control the education of the clergy by acquiring numerous colleges of their own, but to trace the lines on which ecclesiastical education was to be conducted, and aid the Bishops in the formation of their own seminaries. M. Olier, therefore, did not desire any very great extension of his community or of their work. He wished only to have a select body of twelve men, like to the Apostles, not the subjects of any particular diocese, and liable to be transferred to other duties, but devoted exclusively to the training of a

number of priest-coadjutors, who should remain subject to their own Bishops, and who might ultimately take charge of the diocesan seminaries, and perpetuate in them the traditional spirit of the Sulpicians.

The first principle of M. Olier's teaching to his seminarists was that the secular priesthood is an order instituted directly by Jesus Christ Himself to be the great element of activity in saving souls, and the model of the perfect life. He could not endure to hear a secular priest commended as being almost the equal of a religious; if things were as they should be, he said, the seminary would be a place of more fervour than any novitiate, and the regulars would rejoice to be esteemed like to the secular clergy. He would have the priest to be a man of cultivation, so as not to be in any way inferior to the souls he might have to guide, or to the enemies with whom he might measure swords. Without knowledge, he said, a priest cannot do much good in the Church. Science, however, should be subsidiary to spirituality. Without holiness learning was useless, or even dangerous, for it led men to act by human prudence rather than by faith, and engendered pride of intellect, the most incurable of all vices.

Self-abnegation, according to M. Olier, was to be the foundation of the priestly spirit; all that was of the human and worldly spirit was to be eradicated by humility and mortification. Upon this was to be built up an interior life, formed according to the dispositions, ideas, sentiments, and affections of Jesus Christ. Thus should our Lord live in His faithful, according to the Apostle. In His Blessed Mother, more than in all others, Jesus lived, and energized, and was manifested. She must be the model of priests in their imitation of Christ, and their guide in approaching Him. All is from Jesus through Mary, all therefore must be offered to Him through her.

M. Olier dwelt very strongly on the subordination of the clergy to their Bishops as appointed by God to rule His Church. It was a most necessary thing, in order that their action might have the efficiency that springs

from unity. He practised his students constantly in the catechizing of children, as being one of the most important duties and the most fruitful of results. The rule obliged them to make a daily meditation of an hour; and also to read a chapter of the New Testament on their knees, and then to examine themselves upon its chief lessons.

In choosing aspirants to the priesthood, the holy man was cautious in the extreme. He never sought out or persuaded anyone, but waited for the grace of God to indicate their vocation and guide them to it. He carefully inquired into their motives, and rejected any who seemed to be anxious for position or comfort rather than the glory of God. They commenced their course by spending a year in a kind of novitiate at the "Solitude" of Vaugirard or Avron. The influence of this training showed itself in the extraordinary fervour of the seminarists and the edification given by them, and the abundant fruits of their subsequent labours.

The attitude of M. Olier towards those who were associated with him in the government of the seminary is particularly deserving of notice. Although he had been promised special guidance from heaven, and had been constantly favoured with supernatural communications, he was far from arrogating to himself a higher decree of authority on that account. On the contrary, he consulted his colleagues even on such matters as, in accordance with the rule, fell within his competence as president: and in cases of divergency of opinion, he was always ready to waive his own. He was persuaded that God was present rather with a number assembled in His name than with any one of them separately, however eminent might be his gifts; and he looked for the revelation of the divine will through the natural channel of human counsel rather than through any more extraordinary means.

Early in the year 1652 the health of M. Olier showed signs of failing. In June he spent a whole night in prayer before the relics of St. Genevieve, and immediately after he was attacked by fever, which soon

reduced him to extremities. His physicians bade him prepare for death. Although he knew by divine inspiration that his end was not yet, still, according to his wont, he would not allow supernatural influences of a private character to interfere with the ordinary course of the natural order. He received the last Sacraments, made his will, and arranged about his funeral. This done, a partial recovery took place ; but he recognised that his task was finished, and retired from his parish. Not long after he was overheard in the confessional of a Lyons church accusing himself, in a loud voice and with many tears, of having rashly undertaken a charge for which he was not qualified, and of having failed to do it justice.

V.

CLOSING YEARS : 1652–1657.

For five years longer the servant of God remained on earth, to be purified still more by infirmities, and to give additional glory to God. Recovering from his fever, he began to suffer the torments of the stone, and before long he had a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his left side, and rendered him completely helpless. His cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition remained unaltered, nevertheless, as well as his desire to suffer for God. He submitted with pleasure to the horrible tortures which in those days were dignified with the name of surgery, and he sought permission to supplement them by taking the discipline. After a while he was enabled again to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and to move about a little from place to place, scattering benedictions wherever he appeared. During his convalescence in 1652, while in the South of France, he seized the opportunity to give effect to a design he had

long contemplated, by arranging a great mission to the Protestant populations of Auvergne, Velay, the Vivarais, and the Cevennes. Louis XIII., unmindful of Christian methods, and imitating the usual procedure of the Protestants themselves, had, years before, sought by force of arms to reduce them to obedience at once to the divine and the civil authority. M. Olier now proposed an apostolic campaign to the clergy of the Dioceses of Viviers and Puy; the Conferences discussed the idea and adopted it; two of M. Olier's ecclesiastics offered to finance the undertaking; one of them, M. de Queylus, was established at Privas, the stronghold of the Huguenots, in charge of the forty Catholics of the town. The local missionaries, reinforced by eight Sulpicians and some members of various congregations, commenced preaching systematically throughout the districts, encountering the ministers in public disputations, and gathering the children into schools. The Protestants repelled the attacks with the usual Protestant weapons, not fasting and prayer and the example of meekness and charity, but with insults, threats, tumults, and bodily violence. From the first, the virtues of the priests gained respect from multitudes of the benighted people, and many thousands returned to their true shepherd before the death of M. Olier. In Privas itself all the population, except a minute section, were restored to the faith, and became eminent for their fervent Catholicity. M. Olier could do no more than encourage and direct this movement. So great confidence was felt in the effects of his mere presence that the Bishop of Grenoble sought to have him appointed as his coadjutor, and the Bishop of Puy wished to resign the See in his favour.

The conversion of England was also near to M. Olier's heart. Unable to satisfy his desire of preaching the faith there and suffering martyrdom, he sought the acquaintance of Charles II., then an exile in France. He made a strong impression on that very dissolute person, and had sufficient confidence in his sincerity to receive him into the Church (as there is much reason to

believe), and to expect that he would have risked a little for the sake of carrying out his convictions when restored to the throne.

No mention has yet been made of M. Olier's interest in foreign missions to the heathen. Here, too, his zeal achieved results that have lasted to this present day. This object shared his devotion equally with the labours that have already been described; to this were devoted the latest efforts of his life; for this he was ready to accept that which he had so many times refused—the Episcopal dignity. Early in his career (the date is not given), the Shah of Persia had requested the Sovereign Pontiff to appoint a French Bishop to Ispahan, transferring the See from Babylon, which had fallen into the hands of the Turks. The Papal Nuncio having mentioned this, M. Olier offered at once to give up the parish and seminary, and accept the post; he was turned from his purpose only by the vigorous representations of his united clergy. Again, probably just after he had resigned the parish, he met Father de Rhodes, a missionary of wonderful success, who had returned to France to seek for additional priests to labour among the 200,000 converts in Tonquin. M. Olier entreated to be allowed to go, but Father de Rhodes found it impossible to accept him, on account of his shattered health. He consoled himself by sending some young priests from his seminary, and they were succeeded by other Sulpicians during forty years.

There is another mission which has met with remarkable success, which flourishes at this date, and which may be called the creation of M. Olier and the Sulpicians. As early as 1635, he became associated with M. Dauversière, a wealthy layman, who had been inspired with a great zeal for the newly established Colony of Canada, and with Brother Claud, a humble man of saintly life, whose prayers and efforts conduced greatly to the success of that mission. M. Olier drew up a plan for a Christian settlement, to be called Villa Maria, on the island of Montreal. To promote this, he formed the Association of Our Lady of Montreal, of

which Marie Rousseau was an energetic member. An expedition of forty men was sent out to begin operations. In 1640, the Mercantile Company of Canada transferred the island of Montreal to the religious association, which dispatched a colony of thirty families in the following year. Father de Condren, whose providential duty was to point out M. Olier's vocation and keep him to it, would not allow his penitent to accompany these expeditions. He obeyed, but he always hoped to end his days in Canada, and by martyrdom, if God would so permit. In 1646 the time seemed to be ripe for the establishment of a Bishop's See and a seminary in Montreal M. Olier appointed M. de Queylus and several priests for that task, but he did not live to see their departure. One of his last acts on his death-bed was to commend the Canadian mission to the special care of his Sulpicians, and to assure them that it was the work of God, and would enjoy His blessing. Those words have been amply verified. Montreal has been a city of divine predilection, and, with the aid of Our Lady, has preserved intact the faith and the virtues of ancient France, under the ægis of British liberty and justice.

At length the end of this energetic and saintly life approached. The holy man became more and more detached from this world and absorbed in God. He deprived himself of the companionship of certain of his priests with whom he was used to converse on divine things, and secluded himself with God alone. He appointed his successor at the seminary, instructed him about its spirit and its management, and made known to him some of the secrets of its future. His chief injunction was that his followers should never act in accordance with worldly prudence, but always with simple trust in the good Providence of God. He announced to several of his priests that they would speedily follow him, and died, as he had predicted, on Easter Sunday, 1657, in his forty-ninth year. A few days later he was seen in vision by one of his friends, clothed in purple and brilliant with glory, and a voice was heard saying, "This was a martyr, and more than a martyr."

For two centuries and a half Jean Jacques Olier has remained uncanonized. Lowly and hidden during life, he has so far been the same in death. Very little indeed of him was known till M. Faillon, of St. Sulpice, examined the archives of the French Capital, and compiled a masterly history of his life and times in three octavo volumes. Mr Healy Thompson pruned this down, and has published a very complete life of Olier in one volume. After so many years that which was hidden has now come to light, and God is exalting the lowly. Petitions for the canonization of M. Olier have been sent to Rome by the Provincial Council of Baltimore and the Episcopate of Canada; and reports upon the cause were forwarded to Rome in 1866. It is to be hoped that the saintly man who did so much for the faithful, the clergy, and the Church, will one day be raised to the honours of the altar, and that he will be numbered amongst the brilliant group of canonized Saints who illustrated the once glorious, but now decadent, because unchristian, land of France.

AUNT MARCIA'S CONVERSION

BY FRANCES NOBLE

I

"TELL us about it now, auntie, do, while we're all here together. This time next week I shall be back at Cambridge, and there won't be much quiet time before then:" and Carrie Reston nestled still more comfortably into the low seat at Aunt Marcia's side, before a cheerful fire in the library, while her two sisters, both older than herself, also drew up closer round the fire.

"You see, auntie," went on Carrie, "I've often wondered (don't be offended) why you did not become a Catholic sooner—what it was that made you think of it now, because—well, you've stayed so much with us, ever since I can remember. Not," she added ruefully, "that we are anything in the way of example, and certainly we're not likely to influence anybody in that respect. So do tell us, auntie dear!"

Aunt Marcia was a sweet-faced, thoughtful-looking woman of about five-and-forty. She did not respond at once, but only smiled at her pretty favourite niece, and then glanced at the two other girls, as if to see whether they seconded the request. The elder was an elegant girl of two-and-twenty, not so bright and pretty as Carrie,

but with a clever, pleasant face too, and she laughed quietly, with good-humoured sarcasm.

"Carrie is religious to-day, isn't she, auntie? Are you going in for a theological lecture next term, Carrie, and do you want to weave in auntie's experience?"

"You needn't be sarcastic, Flo," retorted Carrie, with a laugh; "I never set up for any theological attainments or for being 'religious'; it would be absurd for any of us to do that. But I do my best among all the set at Cambridge, and if my best is not much, at least I would never marry a fellow like Harold Lee, as you are going to, letting him sneer at Catholic things, as I've seen you do without being angry. He's only a man," and Carrie's pretty lips were pursed up contemptuously, "and of course that makes him think you won't want much of your own way about religion after you are married. But I'm not in love, thank goodness, and love is blind, I know, so don't look savage, Flo darling!" Florence smiled again at this entreaty, for Carrie, the spoilt pretty Girton girl, was privileged to say what she chose during her vacations at home.

"Well, tell us, auntie dear, as she wants to know, and unless it is a secret, if only to keep her from being rude to her elder sister, because Lou and I are interested too, you know, though we don't go in for our rights in that and other matters, as Carrie does."

"Yes, do, auntie dear," said the other girl, a sweet, gentle, somewhat colourless likeness of her elder sister, a staunch partisan and echo generally of all Flo's sayings and opinions.

Aunt Marcia was maternal aunt to the three girls, whose mother had died several years previously, while still a Protestant, their father being a Catholic, a banker of good position in N—— . Their home was a handsome, commodious house, surrounded by pleasant grounds, some distance out of the town. Mr. Reston had, of course, brought up his family, consisting of one son and three daughters, as Catholics, and their Aunt Marcia had

been received into the Church about a year before our story opens. They had known nothing of her intention or its motives, and had been much surprised on learning her news in a letter, which had merely stated the fact of her approaching happiness, a day or two before her reception, and asked their congratulations on a step which would bring her so much nearer to them all. She had always stayed on long visits with them at regular intervals, both before and after their mother's death, but though not in the least prejudiced or bigoted, she had never given any sign of being attracted to the Catholic Faith. On this, her first visit to her nieces since her conversion, she had as yet told them none of its particulars, though she had promised to do so some time, in answer to their natural and affectionate inquiries on her arrival. She had now been with them a month without any further reference being made to the subject, perhaps because of some feeling of shyness and self-reproach on the girls' part, seeing that Aunt Marcia set them a bright if humble and unaffected example of zeal and love for the Faith of which, alas, they could only be termed very indifferent professors.

Without being bad or altogether careless Catholics, the Restons had never been known as zealous or enthusiastic in the practice of their religion. Mr. Reston, having married a Protestant, had early learned, partly for the sake of peace, partly because much engrossed by this world's business, to make little outward show of his religion, and indeed kept up only the most necessary practice of it. He had, however, insisted that the children should be brought up also as Catholics, and Mrs. Reston, though very strong in her own Protestant opinions, having promised not to interfere, was too honourable a woman and too fond of her husband to attempt to do so. But even in this matter Mr. Reston had tacitly made a kind of compromise, by allowing the girls' education to be conducted at the High School in the town, which they attended as day scholars, instead of sending them into

the thoroughly Catholic atmosphere of a convent school. His alleged reason for this was because their mother was averse from parting with them, but another reason, which was hers as much as his own, was an idea that convent education was old-fashioned and behind the times, not likely to fit them for worldly society. The religious part of his girls' education certainly had been entrusted to some nuns in the town, not of a teaching order, who had consented, as a favour to Mr. Reston, to instruct his daughters in their religion, preparing them for their first Confession, Communion, and for Confirmation, each in turn. The good nuns and the parish priest both felt misgivings as to this meagre and incomplete religious training, which was necessarily subordinate to the secular one given by the combined influence of school and home. The priest in his anxiety had spoken to Mr. Reston with serious disapprobation of his consent to such arrangement, but without effect. Indeed, fearing that the only consequence of continued remonstrance upon so lukewarm a Catholic as Mr. Reston, would be to drive him from his own scant practice of the Faith, the good priest was forced to desist, and to content himself with striving by prayer and as much care as he was allowed to exercise, to counteract the school and home influence in the young girls' lives.

The one son, who was a twin with Carrie, had been early sent to one of the old Catholic Colleges, his mother not demurring in his case; and the boy, who was very like Carrie, bright and clever and of good natural disposition, had happily reaped the full benefit of his Catholic education. Without being at all what is termed "goody goody," he had imbibed a strong loyalty to his religion, and in his holidays he had often, in his boyish fashion, expressed himself shocked and disgusted with his sisters' "Protestant ways." He had undertaken to instruct them in various methods, which were resented by the two elder ones, and only accepted by his favourite Carrie, because of her special love for him, and perhaps, too, because her

bright intellect perceived him to be in the right, while her warm if wayward heart often felt ashamed of her carelessness in many religious matters. Then, when the boy left college, his influence and example, which might have been so good for his sisters, were withdrawn by his going out almost at once to India, where his father had been able to procure for him an exceptionally good post. This had been about two years previously, when he and Carrie were seventeen ; and a year later, Florence, the eldest sister, had become engaged to the son of her father's partner, a most eligible, suitable match in a worldly sense, but quite the opposite in a religious one. For Harold Lee, a gentlemanly, pleasant young fellow, was not only not a Catholic, but was extremely ignorant of the Catholic Faith, his only ideas regarding it being such as to prejudice him against it. A member of the Church of England, he practically believed in no religion at all, and only kept to the outward form of now and then attending service on Sundays for the sake of respectability and social advantage. The fact that Florence was a Catholic scarcely conveyed any fear to him of a Catholic wife, for her religion, as far as he saw it, was so slight an element in her life that no question on the subject had yet arisen. Mr. Reston had felt it his duty, on the engagement being first settled, to remind Florence that before the marriage it would have to be ascertained that no difficulties would be placed in the way of her religion, and she had replied, "Of course, papa," after which the subject lay in abeyance.

The marriage was not to take place for more than a year on account of business arrangements, so that Mr. Reston, for prudential reasons, and Florence, because very much in love, did not wish to bring in unpleasant discussion prematurely. Once or twice, indeed, it had occurred to young Lee to wonder whether Florence would wish to go to Mass every Sunday after they were married, as she did now. He hardly thought so; she was not a very bigoted or enthusiastic Romanist, he was

sure. She never spoke of her religion to him at all, and (as Carrie had rightly guessed), he built great hope on the fact that Florence had not seemed to object when he had, perhaps thoughtlessly, uttered some jest or sarcasm at the expense of her religion. He supposed she would want to be married at the Roman Catholic church which the Restons had always attended. Little as he should like this, he could not expect anything else, but of any definite promises for the future he never dreamed; indeed, the subject very seldom entered his mind at all, so little was it obtruded on his notice, except in this one matter of never seeing Flo at the church on Sundays with his sisters, and knowing or supposing that she had gone to the Roman Catholic Mass. Just lately he had heard in a casual way that two or three of the Protestant churches in the town were becoming very "high" indeed, taking on all kinds of Ritualistic, even Popish practices, calling themselves "Anglican Catholic," and turning their morning service into a copy of the Catholic Mass, and his youngest sister was developing decided hankerings after all this in preference to the old Evangelical church which had hitherto satisfied the religious needs of all the Lee family.

"I wouldn't let it trouble me if I were you, mater," young Lee said to his mother, who was alarmed at her daughter's "new fad," much more than she was at her son's religious indifference. "So long as she doesn't become a Catholic it does no harm her playing at it, silly as it is, I admit. She may call herself 'Anglican Catholic,' if she likes, but as long as she goes to St. Barnabas' she is as much of a Protestant as you or I. St. Barnabas' is Church of England, isn't it? That fool of a Lawton may call himself 'Father,' if it pleases him, and may call his service 'Mass,' but he can't undo the historical fact that the very *raison d'être* of the Church of England is to be Protestant, and that three hundred years ago her authorities employed priest-hunters to hunt out 'Fathers' who dared to say 'Mass' in England." And some in-

definable feeling prevented even any careless idea in his own mind that Florence Reston, unenthusiastic as she was about her religion, would ever be weaned from it by the parody which he could now offer her in the all-accommodating English Church.

All the Reston girls were clever, and had always taken good prizes and honours at the High School; indeed, their secular studies and social amusements and occupations so filled their lives as to make their religion necessarily a secondary element. They practised, indeed, all its bounden duties at the appointed times, and were well instructed in it as far as the good priest and the nuns had been able to teach them, and by the books of which their religious preceptors had been strict in demanding careful reading. The girls themselves would have been shocked had any one accused them of not acting up to their Faith, or of being in the least likely ever to give up its practice. But it was the Catholic atmosphere, the daily religious influence, which was missing just during the very years when it is most needed, the influence which nothing can entirely supply except a Catholic mother or a convent school.

Carrie, the most intellectual of the three sisters, had early declared her ambition to go to Cambridge as soon as she should have finished her preliminary education at the High School, a wish to which her father at once consented when the time came, being proud of his bright girl, the prettiest, too, of his daughters. The two elder girls' ambition had not led them so far as this, which was secretly a relief to their father, who would have demurred at the prospect for all three, but for only one he was both willing and proud to afford and allow it. Carrie was now nearly twenty, and in her third year at college, her head and heart both engrossed by her studies and her life at Cambridge, where, however, she did her best also in the religious line, as she herself said, her strong character enabling her to hold her own generally in the matter. The fact that Carrie's "best" was of a somewhat

meagre kind, with nothing fervent or very engrossing about it, was a necessary consequence of her education and early habits, rather than entirely her own fault. If she did not draw any of her companions to her religion or attempt to attract them to it openly, or by any fervent example, at least she was never ashamed of it if attacked, and never on any pretext neglected its necessary duties in her own person, but practised them in a resolute, if at times, scant, hurried fashion.

Her vacation at home this Christmas had brought Carrie new food for thought and interest, in the presence of her Aunt Marcia, her first visit as a Catholic. Indeed, all the girls, and perhaps their father himself when not too busy to let it occupy his attention, experienced a curious self-reproach on seeing the constant, edifying example which was now daily placed before their eyes, and this without the least ostentation or with any idea of reproach. Her religion, they saw, was to their aunt the chief element in her life, to which every other consideration was subordinate. Aunt Marcia went to daily Mass almost as a matter of course, though not very strong in health, but she never asked her nieces to accompany her, though once or twice when they had felt shamed into offering to go with her, she had gladly acquiesced without any remark. They had never been in the habit of going to Mass daily, their morning for Holy Communion being always on Sundays, no oftener than every six weeks. Aunt Marcia went every week, and never missed a Benediction if she could help it, while even in this latter respect the girls' occupations and amusements among their large circle of friends made Sunday the only evening on which they were free for church-going, and not always even Sunday, especially in the case of Florence, since she had become engaged to young Lee.

One day during her visit Aunt Marcia, having a cold, stayed indoors instead of attending an afternoon concert, because it chanced to be Saturday, and she feared to make her cold worse and so be prevented from going to

Mass next day. How could the girls help feeling that in their case they might have exactly reversed matters—indeed, had done so on more than one occasion, justifying it to their consciences by the hope of being able for both things, the amusement and the duty. Carrie noticed, too, that while she herself was still her auntie's favourite, her University experiences and triumphs did not seem to interest her so much as formerly: she even looked sad and wistful at times, the girl fancied, as if pained or anxious about something, until, with her quick tact, Carrie felt sure her aunt was one of those not approving of a Cambridge course for Catholic girls, though no open expression of such opinion had yet escaped her. To Aunt Marcia her religion seemed something she could never prize sufficiently, for which she could never do too much, which was worth any sacrifice; while her nieces accepted it calmly and coldly, as a thing born with them, which they wished, of course, to keep and to practice, but which need never hinder or interfere with worldly advancement, and which might be in some danger of being made subservient, should the two interests ever seriously clash.

"But it's always the way with converts, Carrie, you know," Florence said one day; "they are always more enthusiastic than we can be expected to feel, who have grown up as Catholics and are accustomed to it all. It is all new to converts, and they go rather into extremes, as if to make up for lost time."

"That's all very well, Flo dear," was Carrie's reply, "but it makes me uncomfortable and ashamed, at any rate, for it is no excuse to say we are so used to a treasure that we neglect the care of it And besides, it is not only the converts who are zealous Catholics, surely. We are careless ones, or worldly ones, I expect, and I freely confess that auntie brings the fact home to me, whatever you and Lou feel about it." And perhaps the two elder girls secretly agreed, for neither contradicted Carrie, but merely changed the awkward subject.

And now, only a few days before Carrie's return to college, she could no longer keep silence as to her wish to know more relating to her aunt's conversion. Perhaps Aunt Marcia herself, seeing that the three girls were all in earnest in their expressed interest, felt that the time had come when she might tell them her simple experience and convey its lesson, that it was perhaps her duty to do so, even while, in the humility learned with the religion of the Cross, she disliked appearing to preach to, or find fault with, her sister's children.

II

"I DO not want to tire you, dears, or to seem to preach or find fault," began Aunt Marcia, "though I am afraid I may appear to do so, and perhaps, after all, it is right for me to be quite frank, and to let my impressions be of some good to you. If your poor mother had been a Catholic, things would have been very different, but as it was, your religion has been made more difficult in every way, chiefly by her fear of a convent education for you as being 'old-fashioned and narrow.' So that when you ask, Carrie dear, why it never occurred to me sooner, the idea of becoming a Catholic, I must answer you truly, without wishing to blame you for what has been more your misfortune than your fault. It was my fault that I was so easily blinded by the absence of fervour in any Catholics with whom I was acquainted, for I knew several besides yourselves, and I am ashamed to say that it was chiefly the absence of any difference between them and my Protestant friends that prevented me from seeing that their religion was any better. If I had been a religious-minded person, interested in the controversies of the day, I should perhaps not have been so blind or stupid; but, as you know, I cared nothing about the subject, unlike your poor mother,

who was very strong in her Protestant opinions. Well, it was just a year since—directly after my last visit to you—that the light came to me by God's grace, not by reading, or arguments, or hearing sermons, but solely at first by the example of such utter unworldliness for the sake of religion, as led me on to the religion itself.

"You remember my telling you that I had met some particularly nice people down at Ramsgate in the autumn, and that I had promised to visit them at their place in N——shire ; indeed, you may remember that I went there almost at once on leaving you last time, and stayed about six weeks. I told you they were Catholics, of an old county family, but as I said scarcely any more, and wrote only seldom from there, that cannot have conveyed anything to your minds as to what was to be the consequence of that visit. Even at Ramsgate, merely staying at the same hotel, they had edified and influenced me in a way which I could not then define or understand. Their religion was so much a part of themselves and their lives, that at first I only associated them with it as Catholics of a kind I had never met with before. But after a few days with them in their own home I saw the Catholic Faith in its perfection, loved and practised as I then felt it should be by all who believed in it. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester are simply the most charming people I ever met—she one of the sweetest women, even in an earthly sense, and he in some ways reminds me of Blessed Thomas More with his family of daughters round him, now that I am familiar with the life of that most winning of Saints—the Englishman of whom we must all feel so proud, you especially, Carrie, because he loved learning for women, though I fear you hear little praise or mention of him at Cambridge. There are four daughters, but one became a nun two years since, and just before I came to you this time I went with them to her profession.

"Her sisters told me that Mildred got her vocation

they think, after her first ball, at which she was one of the belles. At least, she seemed to make up her mind to the step directly afterwards, and never wavered, though she stayed in the world for another year, as she was only eighteen. Her father wished her to be still more sure of her own mind before he let her go, though he and her mother both told me on her profession day that they were happier and more proud of her than if she were making a brilliant marriage. She is certainly the most beautiful, and in some respects the most attractive, of their daughters, but I know they thank God every day for the grace and honour of being able to offer Him so precious a gift. The three other sisters are one older and two younger than this one, and, apart from the fact that I owe the Faith to them, they are very, very dear to me for their own sakes. I should like you, dears, to know them some day, for you would find them charming girls, though whether they would be quite as much so without the religious element which is so strong in them, I cannot say, for it is so much a part of themselves. They would not disgrace you, Carrie, even among your Cambridge friends, for ever since they left the convent school they have kept up their studies at home under their father's direction, and are all good Latin scholars, their father himself being a great classical student, in the somewhat retired life he leads at Northcote Grange. For he does lead as retired a life as his station will allow—never shirking the duties of his position in the county—but making it all subservient to the fact of his being a Catholic, proud of being one, and of the fact that his family, though not to be called poor, have been comparatively impoverished for the Faith, and for its sake have had to make sacrifices in the past, both of education and social advantages.

"Mr. Sylvester is of a most amiable, cheery disposition, but I saw him seriously angry one day with a lady, a Catholic neighbour, who, in the course of conversation, spoke regretfully of 'Catholics being behind in the race,'

a phrase which always excites his indignation. 'As if,' he said, 'it were not something to be proud of, rather than ashamed, seeing that it is because of being Catholics that they are "behind in the race"; the "race" often meaning in reality a race for wealth and worldly advantage, and not entered upon with the wish to push their faith and religion to the front.' The idea of any other than a convent education for his daughters had been an impossible one to him and their mother. You would have had to fight hard with him, Carrie, darling, for your beloved Cambridge, the very name of either Oxford or Cambridge for son or daughter of his being abhorrent to him, though he knows they are now sanctioned in a measure for Catholics, and that great safeguards are provided against any evil influence.

"'I may be thought to be too rigid,' he said one day 'and I must not be so towards those whose children are to be dependent on the world and their education for their future living, but for my son and daughters it was not so; God has placed me in a position in which I hope no necessity can arise for this, and with my consent no son or girl of mine should go near either Oxford or Cambridge as a student until they are again in Catholic hands, such as founded them, and from which they were stolen. That is not likely to come in my time, unless the conversion of England, for which we are all praying, comes very quickly,' he added with a genial smile, which I always call his 'Blessed Thomas More look.'

"'If my son and my girls are backward—"behind in the race"—in any way through their entirely Catholic education, I hope they do not grieve at such a sacrifice—their mother and I do not. People tell me I should think differently if I were a poor man, or mixed more in the world,' he added humbly, 'but I think not. If England is to be converted, it must be by individual conversions, and I never heard of any one being drawn to the Faith, or convinced of it, by the sight or knowledge of the social advancement and intellectual attainments

merely, of Catholics, though I know of more than one due solely to the sight of Father Ignatius Spencer, who renounced both, and went about begging on his 'little missions' in his poor Passionist habit.'

"I knew from others that Mr. Sylvester's own uncompromising views had always stood in the way of his social advancement, for in early life he had been greatly inclined to a political career—bigotry being greater then than now—and his boldly upheld religion had been constantly against him, not only politically but socially, amongst his neighbours. It was this which had gradually thrown him into the studious retirement from which he emerged only when the actual duties of his position called him, or for the sake of his daughters, to give them a fitting share in the amusements to which their youth entitled them. The girls themselves idolize their father, and are happier girls than I have ever known in their home life; indeed, they told me themselves that it is the life they love best, though they have travelled a good deal and go up to London with their mother every season, if only for two or three weeks. It seems as if the religious atmosphere of their own home went with them everywhere, making more worldly surroundings hollow; and to me the life at Northcote Grange was certainly a revelation. I had never realized before that religion, without any gloom or outward austerity, could enter hourly into the lives of Catholics as I saw it in theirs. I do not mean only in actual religious observances, but in the way in which it influenced everything they did—entering into the spirit of their daily lives, their first consideration always, and this so naturally and easily, without any effort or stiffness, that from wondering I began to be strangely attracted by it, and then, by God's grace, was led on to examine into the religion itself which had produced an unworldliness utterly new to me.

"Then another thing I noticed at once was their scrupulous loyalty to their religion, which kept them from helping, under plea of kindness or charitableness,

any counter influence. I hope you were not hurt, dears, yesterday, when I looked surprised at your promising to work for the Lawtons' bazaar stall. You see, it is for a Protestant church or poor school, and for Catholics, surely, there should be no question in the matter as to whether you can help such an object, which is, though perhaps only indirectly, helping heresy. Mr. Sylvester showed me this very clearly, and told me that he had found Catholics much less clear and decided on this point than they used to be, not meaning to be lax, but perhaps because of the greater intercourse in charitable and philanthropic undertakings, and because of the kindness of non-Catholics in helping us in our charities. 'But,' he said to me, 'we must draw a hard and fast line on this point, much as we may dislike to refuse our friends. When they help us, we tell them that it is at their own risk ; we cannot return the favour in the same way. Our religion claims to be the only true one ; if they respect our belief that it is so, they must understand that we cannot, with work or money, help on any Church or school of a false religion. It may be hard, but there is no other way, and cannot be.'

"Another case in which I saw his intolerance of any laxity, was that of a lady philanthropist, a neighbour of theirs, a good woman in all natural virtues, able and willing to help all charities and all Churches. By preference she helped Catholics most, as a rule, and was quite a frequent attendant at Sunday Mass, being the widow of a Catholic and having Catholic relatives. Indeed, so much did she identify herself with the interests of the particular church she chose to attend, that she was often mistaken for a Catholic and called such by her friends, as it pleased her, they said, and she would be a Catholic if she were 'anything.'

"In some surroundings I might not have given the matter a thought, except that it was all very nice and kindly, showing Catholics to be as wide and tolerant in their views as I was myself. Certainly I should never

have been struck by the inconsistency of it, and the danger, from a Catholic point of view, as I was when I found that at Northcote Grange the good lady, much as they liked her personally, was never humoured in any of her pet delusions as to being a Catholic. Once or twice, even, I have seen the Sylvesters refuse money which she pressed upon them, because to accept it would, they knew, encourage her in her ignorant, comfortable fancy, and because she could not see that if they took her money for Catholic objects, it still gave her no religious communion with them. Mr. Sylvester told her this one day in his genial fashion, and I saw it impressed her very much, so that I could not help thinking how clear it all was, and wondering how any Catholic could behave to her in any different way. She is a dear, kindly woman; I grew to like her much myself; but she is not in earnest in the matter of religion, and she never will become so as long as her mistaken Catholic friends flatter her as they do in her illogical fancy, and accept her mere philanthropy as if it were Catholic charity and zeal for religion. If she were made to feel the barrier between herself and the Catholic Church she might recognize and try to surmount it.

"You may think, dears, that all this was a strange way in which to have been drawn to the Faith," went on Aunt Marcia, "and if I seem to have reproached you in any way, you know I mean it in the most loving spirit, for it is not to be expected that you could act up to such a standard as the one I tell you of. It was I myself who was so blind that some example of the kind was required to make me see and think, and there must be many like me who are only to be reached in that way. I had been so satisfied in my darkness, you know, that I had to be forced, as it were, into seeing the truth, and it has seemed to me ever since that if Catholics could let their religion show more in their daily lives and in its influence on their conduct, we should have more converts among ordinary unintellectual people who fail to see anything

illogical in their non-Catholic position, or who are not earnest in any heartfelt prayer or wish to know the truth.

"And you see, in all natural virtues too, my friends are so scrupulous as to truth and honourable dealing, in prompt payment of debts, about which I had often seen Catholics as careless as other people, though in this, you, my darling girls, have nothing with which to reproach yourselves. Of course now I can distinguish the religion from its professors, and no bad example in the latter need disturb one who possesses the Faith ; but to outsiders and to those who only judge the tree by its bad fruits, it is not an edifying sight to see Catholics, posing as good ones, living in debt year after year through worldliness and extravagance, indulging in luxury while professing to be unable to pay their debts, much less able to give away any money in charity, or to help on religion. If the Catholics who act in this manner only knew the harm they are doing, not only to their own souls, but to outsiders, whom they actually repel from the Faith by their bad practice of it! I cannot help thinking that if there were less worldliness among Catholics, if our religion could be always our first consideration, we should have more converts in this way almost than in any other, so strong is example, if only in the preliminary process of making people think ; and I speak, you see, dear girls, from my own experience."

III

"And now," continued Aunt Marcia, "I must tell you of another member of the Sylvester family whom I have not mentioned, Mr. Sylvester's mother, the most interesting old lady I have ever known, a Frenchwoman, but born in England early in the century, her parents being noble French *emigrés*, quite a young married couple at the time of their emigration in 1792. They had

no children until after twenty years of married life, when this daughter was born in 1812. They had rescued a small portion, sufficient to live upon, out of the wreck of their fortunes, and were able to maintain as well a great friend, who was also a distant relative, a widow, whose husband had perished in the September massacres. This lady, being highly accomplished, and very well educated for those days, was able to repay her friends at last in some measure, when she was herself quite elderly, by becoming their daughter's governess. The religious part of the education was conducted by an old *emigré* priest, who had been chaplain in their family some years before the outbreak of the revolution, and had remained with them in this capacity in their exile, but had, from the first, insisted on giving lessons in French and music in the neighbourhood in which they lived, not wishing to be any burden upon them. He was only one among the many instances of noble, courtly priests who joined the ranks of teachers over here at that time, and who, as we know, did so much to spread the Catholic Faith, not only by direct instruction, but by their own edifying lives of humble, cheerful resignation.

"Old Mrs. Sylvester gives one at once the idea of having been herself educated entirely among these old-world aristocratic and almost exclusively French surroundings, her life having been a very secluded one until her marriage at five-and-twenty with Mr. Sylvester's father. They had met when she was on a first visit with her then old parents at an English country house, and had become very soon engaged to him, in obedience to their wishes, for he was a good match both in fortune and family for their slenderly portioned girl, all hope or wish for any permanent return to France having been abandoned by them since the revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. They had remained in England on account of their comparative poverty, which would not have allowed them to keep up their position in their own country, but during the reigns

of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. they had several times paid visits to Paris and the Court, where their daughter had become still more imbued with the principles of the old *régime*. The piety which, in her case, attended these old-fashioned ideas, was fostered by her admiration and sympathy for the Duchess of Angoulême, who always took special notice of her during these visits to Paris, admitting her to greater intimacy than she usually showed to any young people in her sad and gloomy seclusion.

"Several times Mr. Sylvester has drawn his mother on to speak to me of the poor Princess, knowing how peculiarly interesting I should find it now so late on in the nineteenth century to come in touch with so close a link with the great revolution; and I heard from the old lady many interesting facts and touching details of the terrible past, told to her by the Duchess herself, and not known to ordinary biographers. But Mr. Sylvester told me his mother did not care to speak of them very often, and never out of their own circle, feeling it all too sad and sacred a subject. She could not have been a more thorough Frenchwoman of the old school, and of the religious section of it, if she had never lived out of France instead of having been there comparatively seldom. Her English marriage had not altered her in the least, but from being on her part a marriage mostly of obedience to her parents, it turned out one of almost ideal happiness, her religious principles and stern ideas of duty enabling her to make her husband's position and interests entirely her own, even apart from the great affection for him which soon came to her. She told me this herself one day when something had made her avow her ideas of the too great freedom allowed to English young people in their love affairs; and though I could not agree with her in this, of course, I did not hurt the dear old lady by presuming to argue the point with her. Mr. Sylvester adores his mother—indeed, they all treat her with a reverential affection very beautiful to see, and

she delights in her English title of 'Granny,' which she insists on their using, though I tell the girls it never seems to me sufficiently stately or graceful for her. To my mind it always seemed to bring the last century and the end of this one very close together, to see the charming old lady in her black sweeping velvet and lace, and her exquisite old-world manner, suddenly dashed in upon by her grand-daughter-in-law, Mr. Sylvester's son's wife, a bright, lively girl of two-and-twenty, daughter of a wealthy retired merchant of highly connected family, the mother of a fine boy of a year old. She is a fine creature in every way, loved by all the family, but thoroughly modern, a splendid bicycle rider, the latter accomplishment fondly approved by her husband, though it is not quite to the taste of his parents, and altogether opposed to the old lady's ideas, as you may imagine; though in her affection and politeness she tried, I could see, not to show her disapproval of what her grandson is content to allow.

"One day, during my last visit, it was as if, suddenly, the old *régime* and the present *fin-de-siècle* met and clasped hands across the bridge of a hundred years, when, as old Mrs. Sylvester sat out in her chair on the lawn in the sunshine, her grandson's wife rode up on her bicycle in her riding costume—short skirt, linen blouse, and sailor hat—and having jumped off lightly, ran up and kissed 'Granny' in her quick, hearty fashion. Then as the young wife moved on towards the house, the old lady said to me, 'She is a fine creature, Miss Morton, a good wife to my grandson; I have no fault to find with her, but we are not in sympathy, you see, she and I. There are many of her ways I cannot like or approve; it offends me to see a wife and mother dress and amuse herself in what seems to me a boy's fashion. I am too old; I have lived too long; I belonged to such a different world; my day is quite over, and I have no strength to reconcile myself to the new ways.'

"Mr. Sylvester himself was standing by, and he bent

over her at once with that beautiful reverence of his: Do not try to do so, mother, dear; it would grieve us all if you did; Lottie herself would not exchange you for any more 'modern' grandmother, for worlds. She has told me so more than once, and Godfrey says she tells him she fell in love with you long before she thought of him at all. My daughter-in-law shows to poor advantage by the side of my mother and the last century, doesn't she, Miss Morton?' and although he laughed as he turned to me, he added seriously, 'It is always a matter of self-congratulation to me that I was a boy in the days before any fear existed that I might have to behold my dear mother, dressed as a sort of cross between a sailor boy and a milk-maid, riding off astride a wheel up and down the country. My little grandson will love his mother, I am sure, and she will deserve it, but I cannot but think that the element of reverence is vanishing out of our young people's affection for their parents. It must rub off the bloom of a boy's reverence for his mother when he finds her ready and able to ride off with him in this new harum-scarum fashion, like any other good chum.'

"And I cannot but agree with him," went on Aunt Marcia, 'for myself, though I do not grudge you, dears, your beloved 'bikes,' and must believe what so many doctors say, that they are the best cure for nerves ever invented. And Mr. Sylvester's feeling is mine, too, in the matter of rejoicing that I was a child and young girl when no danger existed of seeing my dear mother rush about in this fashion in a sailor hat and cricketing blouse, such as her young son might wear. I am not very old, my dear girls, and I duly appreciate our modern improvements and conveniences and freer modes of life, but in this one thing I think we may be going into extremes and losing as many advantages as we gain, though I may, of course, be a little prejudiced, with that picture so vividly in my mind of the grace and dignity of the past, confronted with the breathless

hurry and unceremonious movement of the present. The Sylvester girls themselves have never been forbidden the new amusement, I know. They could have shared it with their sister-in-law had they wished, but their own feeling has prevented, chiefly from the knowledge that it was not to their parents' taste, and would actually offend their revered old 'Granny.'

"So you see, in this way, too, I can admire these dear young friends of mine in their beautiful, unselfish love for their parents, which keeps up, too, the old sweet home life now unavoidably growing so much more rare. Their father himself spoke of this to me one day: 'Our girls will never let any mere amusement or selfish pleasure take them long away from their mother and me, Miss Morton. If God wills them to marry,' he said, 'that will take them away, of course, and rightly; we shall be content to be no longer their first consideration. But while we are their first duty, they love it too much to wish to desert it for any excitement or amusement. Our little nun will always be our own, Miss Morton, you see; only God, nothing else, took her or ever could have taken her away; no man could ever share our little Mildred's heart with her mother and myself.' And, indeed, I knew already with what a special affection this young daughter had loved her parents—unable to bear a day from home without them, until she left it for ever, the very apple of her father's eye, whom she could never have left, she declared always, for any man, but only for God, when she knew He asked for the sacrifice. Then she and her parents both made it willingly, joyfully even; the tie between them rendered still stronger, if possible, by the certainty that no other human tie or affection could ever come to lessen it."

Aunt Marcia paused, and, looking at her favourite niece, was startled by the expression in Carrie's eyes as they met hers, half wistful, half painful, and suspicious of unshed tears. But the girl turned away her face again, and Aunt Marcia, seeing her elder nieces look serious

too, only said in a general way, "I have not made you all too solemn, darlings, have I? I wanted to make my experience an attractive one, if I could—not a gloomy one—and when you know my friends, as you must do soon, for they are anxious to know my dear nieces, then you will find, I am sure, that they are the happiest people, and the merriest too, whom you have ever met. That is, of course, if you care about it; if two of you will go with me there on my next visit for a few days, as they wished me to ask you, though I have not named it until now."

"Care about it, auntie! The fear is that if I go you won't get me away again so easily, though Flo smiles at the idea of my saying it—matter-of-fact, modern me." And though Carrie tried to laugh, that new look rose to her eyes again as she added in a lower, more earnest tone, "Thanks, auntie, you have given me a new light to-day, somehow, but—I can't talk about it yet," and though she tried to laugh again, she pressed her aunt's hand unseen by the two others, that wistful look still in her eyes.

"Thanks, too, auntie," then said the eldest sister; "don't think you have hurt us, Lou or myself, any more than Carrie," and Flo's smile was very kindly now, not the frequently sarcastic one which, in Aunt Marcia's opinion, always spoilt her elegant niece's clever, otherwise attractive face. "And if I did smile, Carrie, you will allow that it is a new funny idea, your being likely to want to live altogether among people such as auntie's friends, though I am sure they are delightful, and I am honest enough to admit, auntie, that we might try to imitate them in some ways, and that our example was never likely to attract you to our religion."

This was a great concession for haughty Florence, whose colour rose to her face as she made it; and she was speedily imitated by her devoted Lou, the second sister, in her milder, sweeter fashion.

"Flo is right, auntie; we are not very pious or

edifying. I admit that you have shown me that more clearly, for I have often felt it myself, though I don't claim to be so quick and clever as Flo and Carrie," and her pretty, gentle face, if less remarkably bright and expressive than her two sisters', looked even more troubled in her sensitiveness to the kindly implied reproach of her aunt's story. Aunt Marcia took her hand affectionately.

"Don't let it trouble you, darling: I should be sorry for that, for you have been so kind and loving to me always. If my little experience can be any help to you, or give you any ideas which may guide your life, I shall not have told it to you in vain. You have never had the chance of being other than what you are in this respect. If you had had surroundings like my friends, I will not allow that one of you would have been outdone in zeal for religion." And silently, in her heart, Aunt Marcia thanked God for having helped her to face what had been an ordeal to her, the telling the truth through her own experience to the nieces who were so dear to her, and on whom, each in her different way, she saw it had made deep impression, stirring all the good in their really fine natures, especially, she felt, in that of her favourite, Carrie. None of the girls said much then, except to thank their aunt in general terms for giving them her story, echoing her wish that they should make the acquaintance of her friends, "really charming people," haughty Flo admitted without any sarcasm or even *arrière pensée*. And neither of the two elder girls showed openly that any deeper impression had been made upon them during the few remaining days of their aunt's visit. Only Carrie, whose honesty and nobility of character were so strong as to outweigh all petty pride or embarrassment, surprised her aunt the very next morning by joining her as she was starting for the early Mass she always attended. "I'm going with you, auntie," she said in her quick, decided way, "every morning, and when you are gone too, if I can only get myself awake in time."

"Thank you, dear," her aunt said, placing her hand on Carrie's for a moment, with an eloquent action and a look of emotion which said more than the bare words.

"Well, you see, auntie," Carrie went on, trying to hide her emotion under her usual practical tone, "it would be too bad to have let you tell us all that yesterday for nothing, and not to show some good for it. Indeed, to tell you the truth, auntie, I cannot get those people out of my head, from the old lady downwards. They really are too sweet to resist, but I think that splendid little nun makes me most ashamed of myself, and disgusted with my poor rubbishy achievements. No thanks to us, auntie, for your knowing anything about going to Mass at all, much less for the idea of going every day, but I hope I shall prove to be in earnest when I say that—well, that I mean to turn over a new leaf from your experience. With Flo, you see, it is Harold Lee who may be the stumbling-block, and she influences dear old Lou so much that it may be hard work to rouse either of them. But I have hopes, for Flo did look serious, auntie, while you were talking to us yesterday, and though we call Lou 'silly,' because she calls herself so, and because she is so gentle and amiable, I fancy she has more common sense than either of us, and she must see that we're not model Catholics, anyway."

Then Carrie laughed as they walked out down the garden, her aunt placing her hand caressingly within her arm, leaning on the girl's taller figure as they walked. "Thank God, darling, if I have been of any use, in such a way, after my years of blindness and indifference to the truth."

"Nonsense, auntie, calling it your blindness and indifference," Carrie replied in her downright fashion, perhaps again to hide some deep emotion. "We were the blind or indifferent ones, I think, for we have had the truth all this time and have treated it only very carelessly. Poor old Jack always said so, you know,

and he has made me ashamed often, but never quite so much, somehow, as your story has done. Shall I tell him in my next letter, auntie? He won't be jealous, dear old Jack! You will understand better now what a good fellow he is, and I'm sure, somehow, he is just the same out in India. He never liked my going to Cambridge, you know, auntie, such an old-fashioned boy as he is. I have often wondered he did not become a priest: indeed, I should not be surprised if he ended by being one, somehow," and a far-away, thoughtful look came into Carrie's eyes, as though some other idea, born of that one, were making its way, vaguely as yet, into her mind.

IV

THREE years later the full reward came to Aunt Marcia for her pious example and for the telling of her simple experience, followed by her constant prayers for her dear nieces.

Florence was married, but had not been without trial before she became Harold Lee's wife. Having once recognized the duty she had neglected, she had, with all the strength and latent good in her character, spoken openly to her lover of what, she announced, ought to have been settled long before; and he, after his first surprise and discomfiture, had agreed to promise all she asked. But his family held out against Florence, alleging that she had deceived Harold in not stating her demands before becoming engaged to him, and, to her humiliation, she had to admit that they were right, and that she had been both careless and cowardly in the matter. She refused to bring dissension into their midst by marrying Harold, as he urged her, against their wishes; her refusal being prompted also by the fear of imperilling the future religious welfare of any children who might be born to her. For, in event of her own death, their religion would be in great measure

at the mercy of her husband's family, who, having refused to make any such promises as she had asked, might even influence her husband himself to neglect his own solemn promises to her in the difficulties which would then surround him.

Florence had borne her trial bravely, winning her lover's greater respect as well as, if possible, increased affection; and after some months his parents, seeing his resolve not to give her up, and feeling they were not justified in spoiling his life, had, after some struggle with themselves, become reconciled to Florence, and had agreed to promise solemnly all she asked as to her religion. They had even brought themselves to be present at the marriage, much as it went against their feelings to take part in a Catholic ceremony.

But though she could rely implicitly on her husband's honour and that of his family in the matter of their solemn promises, it was in no light spirit with which Florence entered upon what, in her new earnestness, she felt to be so serious a responsibility as a mixed marriage must ever be, even at best. Ever since her first courageous response to grace, by repairing her past carelessness and telling her lover boldly all the demands required by her religion, while yet uncertain as to how it might affect him, she had been a surprise and edification to Aunt Marcia, who had not fancied at first that her simple story had so impressed her somewhat haughty, reticent niece, who was becoming now only less dear to her than her favourite Carrie.

Florence has a little girl now, a year old, who was baptized Marcia, after her godmother, Aunt Marcia, to whom, Flo always says, she owed the grace that enabled her to stand firm against all danger to her religion or that of her children. She is not even without hope for her husband, who, ever since she brought herself to tell him all she must require of him before becoming his wife, has shown and felt a respect for her religion such as he had never dreamed of, and such as he certainly

does not show or feel for the religion of his mother and sisters. These latter reproach him with the fact sometimes, but his reply is always good-humouredly to the effect that he finds it perfectly impossible to respect all the totally different and contradicting phases of the accommodating Church of England which they choose to adopt; his mother being an Evangelical Protestant, and his sisters being of various degrees of what they call the "Anglican Catholic Branch," while his father's religion may be summed up chiefly into the fact of dislike and contempt for the Catholic Church "Romish," he calls it, the faith and practice of which he is at the same time profoundly ignorant.

"You girls," Harold says in reply to his sisters' reproaches, "could not for the life of you state exactly what you do believe, or what you ought to believe, as members of the Church of England, and not a single power in it could tell you or teach you either. How can it, when it allows you to call it 'Anglo-Catholic,' and the mother is equally allowed to declare it is no such thing, but strictly Protestant and anti-Catholic. Now, Flo talks no rubbish about 'branches,' and she can tell me exactly what she believes, and what every Catholic must believe or else not belong to the Catholic Church. I can respect that position, but yours I cannot, though I admit you girls and the mother imagine that you respect it yourselves."

And, in addition to her own hopes and prayers for her husband, Florence has another and still stronger support in the prayers of one whose petition she feels must be more powerful than her own, and this is Carrie, their once ambitious, independent Girton girl, now Sister Mary Benedicta, just professed in the Order of the Sacré Cœur, at Paris. Carrie had waited to complete her Cambridge course partly to assure her father that she was acting on no merely impulsive resolution, and partly because, having once entered on it, to complete it successfully would enable her to offer with her-

self on entering religion, the advantages of her education, and the sacrifice of all her own worldly hopes connected with it. And to make a still more complete sacrifice, for to do anything by halves was not in Carrie's nature, she had offered herself for the foreign missions, and was now preparing and hoping to be sent eventually on one of those already established, or to be newly founded by the nuns of her Order. The idea of the religious life had entered Carrie's mind almost at once when her aunt's story had awakened her to a sense of her carelessness and lukewarmness, and it had been further matured during her next vacation, when she had paid the promised visit to her aunt's friends, the Sylvesters. She had expected to be impressed and edified there, but had been very much more so than she could have imagined, by the new and intensely Catholic atmosphere which surrounded her. Even the old-world element imparted to it by the stately but gracious and charming old Frenchwoman, Mr. Sylvester's mother, seemed to help to shake her pride in the wholly secular and modern part of her education, forcing her to see that there might be allowed to exist another standard of excellence different from that which she had hitherto made her own. The sacrifice of which she had now begun to think so seriously as to be almost resolved upon it, assumed lesser, much humbler proportions, as she recognized the deficiencies of her boasted education. Her poor knowledge of Catholic Church history, or of any history cleared from the mists of non-Catholic prejudice, and her ignorance of the works of so many great Catholic writers with whom the Sylvester girls were closely conversant, all came home to Carrie now as never before, the new humility of the discovery being a great help on her way to the religious life. During her stay at the Sylvesters, too, she had paid a visit with them to their "little nun," as Mr. Sylvester called this dearly loved daughter, the sight of whose strikingly beautiful face and charming manner, hidden away from the world under the humble

Carmelite habit, seemed to aid Carrie powerfully in her resolution. "After all, auntie," she said, "what I shall have to give up, of position or anything else, is very little compared to what she has done. Even the little I saw of her showed her to be certainly the most charming girl I ever saw in my life, even more so than her delightful sisters. Fancy that lovely face and sweet manner out in the world! She would have been a veritable Queen of Hearts, such as I should never be with all my 'ologies,' as you call them, auntie; Poor Sir Thomas More! (that is a good name of yours for Mr. Sylvester) it must have almost broken his heart and her mother's to part with her."

Carrie had waited for Florence's marriage, and then, with Aunt Marcia's help, had obtained her father's consent to her entrance on her religious noviciate. His consent had not been given, however, without some natural difficulty at the idea of parting with his bright, clever girl almost immediately on the successful conclusion of her college career. But she and her sisters had by their example during the past year won him to a stricter practice of his religion, and a closer interest in its welfare and advancement, and he could not oppose Carrie's resolution when he knew that it had been formed nearly a year before, and saw that it had withstood the triumphs and temptations of her last days at Cambridge.

Aunt Marcia's joy and consolation were complete when she embraced her darling niece on her profession day, her noviciate, with its trials and struggles, peacefully, happily ended.

"It is all your doing, auntie dear," the bright young nun whispered, as her aunt lingered with her a few minutes after her father and sisters, and her dear twin brother Jack, from India, had bidden her farewell. "We all owe our happiness to you—Flo her happy marriage and hopes for Harold; and father and dear old Lou will be ever so much happier left together now,

than they would have been in the old careless, worldly days. I fancy Lou will never leave father; she is the best to stay with him, as he will find —so much sweeter and gentler than Flo or myself. What should I have grown into, auntie, but for you? I shall never be much to boast of, I'm afraid; never anything to approach that sweet Mildred Sylvester, for instance—one of God's special flowers she is! I shall only be a very ordinary shrub, even if I go out on my dear foreign missions, and am able to make some practical matter-of-fact use of the practical, scientific part of my education, but, at all events, I am saved from being the spoiled, conceited creature I should have grown into, I know, looking down on all more old-fashioned Catholic girls as ignorant and 'behind in the race,' although no need existed for all my acquirements, and I had undertaken them simply for my own glorification. I should have just rushed through life on an intellectual as well as physical bicycle; I should have been no comfort or companion to father; I should have been much too busy, and my religion would have had to squeeze in as best it could. I know myself now, auntie, and I know what I should have grown into (though a great many girls in my place would not), spoiled as I was, and with no real need or object for my education. But now I think God will let me be of some use, with all the conceit taken out of me."

And the happy young nun laughed in her joyous, unaffected humility, ere she added earnestly, "My greatest comfort almost has been dear old Jack's delight, auntie; didn't you notice his face when he said good-bye just now, so happy and so relieved to see me safe after all his anxiety. He'll go back to India with a calm spirit, auntie, but I will tell you a secret, which he will tell you soon himself, for he is not going back for long. We shall be doubly twins, auntie, brother and sister in religion, too, for he is going to do what I always felt he would do in the end. As soon as he can arrange

to give up his post, he will come back to England to offer himself to the Jesuit noviciate, if they consent to take him. I daresay this would have come in any case; I hinted it to you long since, you remember, auntie, for I think it was only his old fancy for India that put it aside when he left college. But still I am sure it has been more quickly revived and strengthened by all that has come about from the one fact of our dear Aunt Marcia's conversion."

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY
IN
PRE-REFORMATION TIMES

BY DOM F. A. GASQUET, D.D.*

We are all of us, I take it, interested in the social questions which nowadays are clamouring for consideration. In all parts of the civilized globe the voice of democracy has made itself heard; it has arrested the attention of rulers and statesmen, and has proved that the day when popular aspirations received sufficient answer in the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the autocrat is past, and, moreover, that the "masses" have at least as much right to be considered as the "classes." Perhaps fortunately for myself, I am not directly concerned to explain, much less to defend, the principles of what is broadly known as "Christian democracy." About all this matter opinions differ very widely indeed; and although, I suppose, we may all of us, in these days, claim to be socialists of some kind of type, there is obviously, even amongst us Catholics, such divergence of opinion that any preliminary attempt to clear the ground with a view to agreement even on first principles is not uncommonly productive of no small amount of

* A paper read at the Catholic Conference at Nottingham, 1898.

heat and temper. My concern is happily with facts not with theories, with the past not with the present. I confess that personally, I like to feel my feet upon the ground, and facts furnish undoubtedly the best corrective for mere theorizing which, at times, is apt to run away with all of us, and to give rise either to unwarranted hopes or unnecessary fears. In the belief that even "the dark ages" have their useful lessons for us whose lot has been cast in these times, I propose to lay before you briefly the teaching of the Church of England in pre-Reformation days, as to the relations which should exist between the classes of every Christian community, and to illustrate by a few examples the way in which the teaching was translated into practice by our Catholic ancestors.

The Relation between Rich and Poor.

There can be no doubt as to the nature of the teaching of the English Church in regard to the relation which, according to true Christian principles, should exist between the rich and the poor. The evidence appears clear and unmistakable enough in pre-Reformation popular sermons and instructions, in formal pronouncements of Bishops and Synods, and in books intended for the particular teaching of clergy and laity in the necessary duties of the Christian man. Whilst fully recognizing as a fact that "the poor must always be with us"—that in the very nature of things there must ever be the class of those who "have" and the class of those who "have not"—our Catholic forefathers knew no such division and distinction between the rich and the poor man as obtained later on, when Protestant principles had asserted their supremacy, and pauperism, as distinct from poverty, had come to be

recognized as an inevitable consequence of the policy introduced with the new era. To the Christian moralist, and even to the Catholic Englishman, whether secular or lay, in the fifteenth century, those who had been blessed by God's providence with worldly wealth were regarded as not so much the fortunate possessors of personal riches, their own to do with what they listed and upon which none but they had right or claim, as in the light of trusted stewards of God's good gifts to mankind at large, for the right use and ministration of which they were accountable to Him who gave them.

Thus, to take one instance: the proceeds of ecclesiastical benefices were recognized in the Constitutions of Legates and Archbishops as being in fact as well as in theory the *eleemosynæ*, the *spes pauperum*—the alms and the hope of the poor. Those ecclesiastics who consumed the revenues of their cures on other than necessary and fitting purposes were declared to be "defrauders of the rights of God's poor" and "thieves of Christian alms intended for them;" whilst the English canonists and legal professors who glossed these provisions of the Church law gravely discussed the ways in which the poor of a parish could vindicate their right —*right*, mind— to a share in the ecclesiastical revenues of their Church.

This "jus pauperum," which is set forth in such a text-book of English law as Lyndwood's *Provinciale*, is naturally put forth more clearly and forcibly in a work intended for popular instruction, such as *Dives et Pauper*. "To them that have the benefices and goods of Holy Church," writes the author, "it belonged principally to give alms and to have the cure of poor people." To him who squanders the alms of the altar on luxury and useless show the poor man may justly point and say: "It is ours that you so spend in pomp and vanity!

. . . . That thou keepest for thyself of the altar passing the honest needful living, it is raveny, it is theft, it is sacrilege." From the earliest days of English Christianity the care of the helpless poor was regarded as an obligation incumbent on all: and in 1342 Archbishop Stratford, dealing with *appropriations*, or the assignment of ecclesiastical revenue to the support of some religious house or college, ordered that a portion of the tithe should always be set apart for the relief of the poor, because, as Bishop Stubbs has pointed out, in England from the days of King Ethelred "a third part of the tithe" which belonged to the Church was the acknowledged birthright of the poorer members of Christ's flock.

That there was social inequality goes without saying, for that is in the very constitution of human society, and may indeed be said to be a very law of human nature. In feudal times this obvious truth passed unquestioned as the divine law of the universe, and with the overthrow of the system in the thirteenth century there was created a chasm between the upper and lower classes which it was the interest of popular agitators and demagogues to widen and deepen. But even then, in theory at least, the claims of poverty were as fully recognized as the duty of riches. The verses of *Piers Ploughman* and the *Canterbury Tales*, and even the words of "the mad preacher," John Ball, are not more clear as to the existence of the social difficulties of those days and the claims put forward in the name of justice to common humanity, than the language of the great and fearless orator, Bishop Brunton, as to the religious obligations of Christian riches. Again and again, in his sermons, this great preacher reminds his hearers of the fact that poor and rich have alike descended from a common stock, and that no matter what their condition of life may

be, all Christians are members of one body and are bound one to the other by the duties of a common brotherhood.

Still more definite is the author of the book of popular instruction, *Dives et Pauper*, above referred to. The sympathy of the writer is with the poor, as indeed is that of every ecclesiastical writer of the period. In fact it is abundantly clear that the Church in England in Catholic days, as a *pia mater*, was ever ready to open wide her heart to aid and protect the poorer members of Christ's mystical body. This is how *Pauper*, in the tract in question, states the Christian teaching as to the duty of riches, and impresses upon his readers the view that the owners of worldly wealth are but stewards of the Lord: "All that the rich man hath, passing his honest living after the degree of his dispensation, it is other men's, not his, and he shall give full hard reckoning thereof at the day of doom, when God shall say to him: 'Yield account of your bailywick.' For rich men and lords in this world are God's bailiffs and God's reeves, to ordain for the poor folk and to sustain them." Most strongly does the same writer insist that no property gives any one the right to say "this is *mine*," and that is *thine;* for property so far as it is of God is of the nature of governance and dispensation," by which those who by God's Providence "have," act as His stewards and as the dispensers of His gifts to such as "have not."

The words of Pope Leo XIII. as to the Catholic teaching, most accurately describe the practical doctrine of the English pre-Reformation Church on this matter: "The chiefest and most excellent rule for the right use of money," he says, "rests on the principle that it is one thing to have a right to the possession of money and another to have the right to use money as one pleases. . . . If the question be asked, How must

one's possessions be used? the Church replies without hesitation in the words of the same holy Doctor (St. Thomas): *Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need.* When necessity has been supplied and one's position fairly considered, it is a duty to give to the indigent out of that which is over. It is a duty, not of justice (except in extreme cases), but of Christian charity . . . (and) to sum up what has been said: Whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and, at the same time, that he may employ them, as the minister of God's Providence, for the benefit of others."

The Condition of the Poor.

There is no need to dwell upon this point, as there can be no doubt as to the practical teaching of the Church in Catholic England on the subject of the duties of the "classes" to the "masses." I pass at once to the actual state of the poor in the times which preceded what a modern writer has fitly called "the Great Pillage." It would be, of course, absurd to suggest that poverty and much hardness of life did not exist in pre-Reformation days; but what did not exist in Catholic times was that peculiar product which sprung up so plentifully amid the ruins of Catholic institutions overthrown by Tudor sovereigns, pauperism. Bishop Stubbs, speaking of the condition of the poor in the Middle Ages, declares that "there is very little evidence to show that our forefathers in the middle ranks of life desired to set any impassable boundary between class and class. . . . Even the villein by

learning a craft might set his foot on the ladder of promotion. The most certain way to rise was furnished by education and by the law of the land. 'Every man or woman, of what state or condition that he be, shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any school that pleaseth him within the realm.'" Mr. Thorold Rogers, than whom no one has ever worked more fully at the economic history of England, and whom none can suspect of undue admiration of the Catholic Church, has left it on record that during the century and a half which preceded the era of the Reformation the mass of English labourers were thriving under their guilds and trade unions, the peasants were gradually acquiring their lands and becoming small freeholders, the artisans rising to the position of small contractors and working with their own hands at structures which their native genius and experience had planned. In a word, according to this high authority, the last years of undivided Catholic England formed "the golden age" of the Englishman who was ready and willing to work.

"In the age which I have attempted to describe," writes the same authority, "and in describing which I have accumulated and condensed a vast amount of unquestionable facts, the rate of production was small, the conditions of health unsatisfactory, and the duration of life short. But, on the whole, there were none of those extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment of philanthropists, and are now exciting the indignation of workmen. The age, it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty, which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days

of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that every one knew his neighbour, and that every one was his brother's keeper."

The Reformation and the Poor.

This period was put an end to, in Mr. Rogers' opinion, by the confusion and social disorder consequent upon the introduction of the new principles of the Reformers, and the uprooting of the old Catholic institutions.

To relieve the Reformation from the odious charge that it was responsible for the poor laws, many authors have declared that not only did poverty largely exist before, say, the dissolution of the monastic houses, but that it would not long have been possible for the ancient methods of relieving the distressed to cope with the increase in their numbers under the changed circumstances of the sixteenth century. It is, of course, possible to deal with broad assertions only by the production of a mass of details, which is, under the present circumstances, out of the question, or by assertions equally broad: and I remark that there is no evidence of any change of circumstances, so far as such changes appear in history, which could not have been fully met by the application of the old principles, and met in a way which would never have induced the degree of distressing pauperism, which in fact was produced by the application of the social principles adopted by the Reformers. The underlying idea of these latter was property in the sense of absolute ownership, in place of the older and more Christian idea of property in the sense of stewardship. In a word the Reformation substituted the idea of *individualism* as the basis of property for the idea of Christian *collectivism*.

Most certainly the result was not calculated to improve the condition of the poorer members of the community. It was they who were made to pay for the Reformation, whilst their betters pocketed the price. The well-to-do classes in the process became richer and more prosperous, whilst the "masses" became, as an old writer has it, "mere stark beggars." As a fact, moreover, poverty became rampant, as we should have expected, immediately upon the great confiscations of land and other property at the dissolution of the religious houses. To take one example: Dr. Sharpe's knowledge of the records of the city of London enables him to say that: "the sudden closing of these institutions caused the streets to be thronged with the sick and poor, and the small parish churches to be so crowded with those who had been accustomed to frequent the larger and more commodious churches of the friars that there was scarce room left for the parishioners themselves."

"The Devil," exclaims a preacher who lived through all these troublous times—"the Devil cunningly turneth things to his own way." "Examples of this we have seen in our time more than I can have leisure to express or to rehearse. In the Acts of Parliament that we have had made in our days what godly preambles have gone afore the same, even *quasi oraculum Apollinis*, as though the things that follow had come from the counsel of the highest in Heaven; and yet the end hath been either to destroy abbeys or chauntries or colleges, or such like, by the which some have gotten much land, and have been made men of great possessions. But many an honest poor man hath been undone by it, and an innumerable multitude hath perished for default and lack of substance. And this misery hath long continued, and hath not yet [1556] an end." Moreover, "all this commotion and fray was made under pretence of a

common profit and common defence, but in very deed it was for private and proper lucre."

In the sixty years which followed the overthrow of the old system, it was necessary for Parliament to pass no fewer than twelve Acts dealing with the relief of distress, the necessity for which, Thorold Rogers says, "can be traced distinctly back to the crimes of rulers and agents." I need not characterize the spirit which is manifested in these Acts, where poverty and crime are treated as indistinguishable; it was not the spirit of old Catholic days, but it was the spirit of "Protestant individualism" carried into the sphere of social economy.

Not the Good but the Goods of the Church.

The fact is, as we are now beginning to find out, the change of religion in England was not effected so much by those who hungered and thirsted after purity of doctrine and simplicity of worship, who hated iniquity and what they held to be superstition, as by those who were on the look-out to better their own interests in a worldly point of view, and who saw in the overthrow of the old ecclesiastical system their golden opportunity. These "new men" looked not so much to the "good" as to the "goods" of the Church, and desired more the *conversio rerum* than any *conversio morum*. What Jansens long ago showed to be the case in Germany, and what Mr. Phillipson and M. Hanotaux declare to be certainly true of France, is hardly less clear in regard to England, when the matter is gone into, namely, that the Reformation was primarily a social and economic revolution, the true meaning of which was in the event successfully disguised under the cloak of religion with the assistance of a few earnest and possibly honest fanatics.

It is, to say the least, strange that the religious innovations synchronized so exactly with ruthless and wholesale confiscations of the old Catholic benefactions for the poor, and with the appropriation of funds intended by the donors for their benefit, to purposes other than the relief of distress. Putting aside the dissolution of the religious corporations, the destruction of the chantries, the wholly unjustifiable confiscation of the property of the guilds, the heartless seizure of hospitals and almshouses, the substitution of the well-to-do for the poor as the recipients of the benefits coming from the foundation funds of schools and colleges, even the introduction of married clergy whose wives and children had to be supported on the portion of the ecclesiastical benefices intended for the relief of poverty, and much more of the same kind, are all so many indications of the new spirit of Individualism, which produced the great social revolution commonly known as the Protestant Reformation. It was a revolution indeed, but a revolution not in the ordinary sense. It was a rising, not of people against their rulers, nor of those in hunger and distress against the well-to-do, but it was in truth the rising of the rich against the poor, the violent seizure by the new men in power of the funds and property which generations of benefactors had intended for the relief of the needy, or by educational and other endowments to assist the poor man to rise in the social scale.

Confiscation of Guilds.

It is, of course, impossible, within the narrow limits of this brief paper to go as deeply into the subject as it deserves. Fortunately the facts lie on the surface of the history of the 16th century, and whatever desire may

have existed to cover them up, now that the sources of authentic information are open to all, they can no longer be denied. I will content myself here with a brief reference to the confiscation of the chantries and guilds which took place, as all know, in the first year of King Edward VI., and I shall endeavour to illustrate what I have to say by examples taken mainly from this county of Nottingham.

It may at first sight, perhaps, not appear very obvious what the question of the *chantries* has to do with the present subject. But this is simply because the purpose for which these adjuncts to parish churches existed has not been understood. We have been taught to believe that a "chantry" only meant a place (chapel or other locality) where Masses were offered for the repose of the soul of the donor, and other specified benefactors. No doubt there were such chantries existing, but to imagine that they were the rule is wholly to mistake the purpose of such foundations. Speaking broadly, the chantry priest was the assistant priest, or, as we should nowadays say, curate of the parish, who was supported by the foundation funds of the benefactors for that purpose, and even not infrequently by the contributions of the inhabitants. For the most part their *raison d'être* was to look after the poor of the parish, to visit the sick, and to assist in the functions of the parish church. Moreover, connected with these chantries were very commonly what were called "obits," which were not, as we have been asked to believe, mere money payments to the priest for anniversary services; but were for the most part money left quite as much for annual alms to the poor as for the celebration of the anniversary services. Let us take a few examples. In this city of Nottingham there were two chantries connected with the parish church of St. Mary, that of Our Lady and that called

Amyas Chantry. The former, we are told, was founded "to maintain the services and to be an aid to the vicar, and partly to succour the poor," the latter to assist in "God's service," and to pray for William Amyas, the founder. When the commissioners in the first year of Edward VI. came to inquire into the possession of these chantries, they were asked to note that in this parish there were "1,400 houseling people, and that the vicar there had no other priests to help but the above two chantry priests." I need not say that they were not spared on this account, for within two years we find the property upon which these two priests were supported had been sold to two speculators in such parcels of land —John Howe and John Broxholme.

Then again, in the parish of St. Nicholas, we find from the returns that the members of the Guild of the Virgin contributed to the support of a priest. In the parish there were more than 200 houseling people, and as the parish living was very poor, there was no other priest to look after them but this one, John Chester, who was paid by the Guild. The King's officials, however, did not hesitate to confiscate the property on this account. It is useless to multiply instances of this kind, some hundreds of which might be given in the county of Nottingham alone. I will, however, take one or two examples of "obits" in this part of the world: In the parish of South Wheatley there were parish lands let out to farm which produced eighteenpence a year, say from £1 to £1 4s. of our money. Of this sum one shilling was for the poor and sixpence for church lights, that is two-thirds or, say, 16s. of our money was for the relief of the distressed. So in the parish of Tuxford the church "obit" lands produced £1 5s. 4d., or more than £16 a year, of which 16s. 4d. was for the poor and 9s. for the church expenses. It is almost unnecessary to

add that the Crown took the whole sum intended for the poor, as well as that for the support of the ecclesiastical services. Neither can we hold, I fear, that the robbery of the poor was accidental and unpremeditated. I know that it has been frequently asserted that although grave injury was undoubtedly done to the poor and needy in this way, it was altogether inevitable, since the money thus intended for them was so inextricably bound up with property to which religious obligations (now declared to be superstitious and illegal) were attached, that the whole passed together into the royal exchequer. I confess that I should like to consider that this spoliation of the sick and needy by the Crown of England was accidental and unpremeditated, but there are the hard facts which cannot be got over. The documents prove unmistakably that the attention of the officials was drawn to the claims of the poor, and that in every such case these claims were disregarded, and a plain intimation is given that the Crown intended to take even the pittance of the poor.

The Guilds.

I pass to the question of the Guilds. They were the benefit societies and provident associations of the Middle Ages. They undertook towards their members the duties now frequently performed by burial clubs, by hospitals, by almshouses, and by guardians of the poor. "It is quite certain that town and country guilds obviated pauperism in the Middle Ages," writes Mr. Thorold Rogers. "They assisted in steadying the price of labour, and formed a permanent centre for those associations which fulfilled the function that in more recent times trade unions have striven to satisfy." In these days, I fancy, no one would care to defend the abolition of these friendly and charitable societies and to justify the

confiscation of their corporate property, which may be taken as for the most part representing the accumulated savings of the working classes. Moreover, in putting an end to the Guild system, the Reformers did a far greater injury than can be gauged by the amount of the money seized. A large proportion of the revenues of these societies was derived from the entrance fees and annual subscriptions of the existing members, and in dissolving them the State swept away the organisation by which these voluntary subscriptions were raised. In this way far more harm was done to the interests of the poor, sick, and aged, and in fact to the body politic at large, than was caused by the mere loss of their hard-earned savings.

I have here merely indicated some lines of inquiry, especially on the ecclesiastical side, into matters of fact which, if followed out, may help us to come to some sound knowledge of the principles which guided our Catholic forefathers in these matters, and which I think may be safely called the principles of Christian Democracy, or Christian Collectivism. That Christian Democracy was, I think, manifested before the Reformation in this—that the community, parishes, trades, &c., did in fact show full appreciation of the principles of self-help and mutual assistance. Self-help and self-government showed themselves in popular efforts to carry out common objects as far as possible, and to secure the common good. The community possessed common interests in numberless things, had common lands, common cattle, and other stock: and in a word the tendency was to create a system of common property which owed its existence largely to the people themselves. Since the Reformation we need only look at the principles demonstrated by the laws: we see for generations that the bent of legislation was to do away with what was common—

the principle of Tudor enclosure carried out to the fullest extent. It is evident that the idea of the "common" is opposed utterly to the idea of absolute property, whilst the root idea of Christian Democracy is that the social order is founded upon the principle, which is also the Christian idea, that property is of the nature of a trust and stewardship, rather than that of absolute, individual possession. I need not point out how the firm apprehension of this principle must influence our judgment on many of the schemes and practical proposals of the day.

THE MEANING AND AIM OF CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

BY C. S. DEVAS, M.A.*

WERE my purpose to expound to you a new political and a social gospel, there would be the objection, among others, that the time allotted me would be altogether insufficient. But the principle of Christian Democracy which I hope to explain, is as old as Christianity, and with nothing new about it but the application to new times. Again, were I to propose a new political party and practical measures to send a few Christian Democrats into the House of Commons, I should entirely defeat the object I have in view, which is not to divide Catholics but to unite them, so that all of them, irrespective of party, on all social questions as far as possible may be in concord. Now it is a matter of common knowledge that this century has witnessed among civilized nations a great democratic movement; the powers of government or of appointing a government having passed from the hands of those privileged by birth or by fortune into those of the great mass of the common people. This change has been more complete in some countries than in others; but we need not now dwell on the details or examine the causes, such as the spread of general knowledge and the revolutions in the industrial arts; it is enough to empha-

* A paper read at the Catholic Conference at Nottingham, 1898

size the fact and its consequence that every legislature has more and more to pay attention to social questions, and to adjust the relations of masters and workmen, and of rich and of poor.

This being so, and all forms of government being in themselves permissible, it seems fit that Catholics should recognize the signs of the times, and by no means fruitlessly strive to hinder this movement, but fruitfully to guide it, and to make democracy such that it will deserve the prefix of Christian. And considering what the Church has done in the past, transforming in a single century the pagan empire of Diocletian into the Christian empire of the great Theodosius, or later, when society in Western Europe by an irresistible and universal movement had crystallized into feudalism, taming and humanizing the countless petty chieftains, and evolving Christian chivalry out of violence and brutality, it seems a comparatively easy task to effect the baptism of manhood suffrage and modern democracy.

The Genuine Article and the Spurious.

That there is need of such baptism let me first show by comparing the Christian notion of democracy with other notions, such as the French sovereignty of the people, or the German Social Democracy; lest I be thought to be a supporter of revolution or of socialism. Now the conception of Christian democracy is this, that all government local and central being carried on for the common good, and all citizens being associated for this end, the primary aim of government is to secure the good of the most numerous class of citizens; that each contributes to the common good according to his capacities and receives according to his needs; every superiority involving increased responsibility, and in consequence the poorer and weaker members of society receiving

relatively the greater advantage from society. This can be called in more senses than one the humane principles of government; and although it does not exclude the notion of a benevolent despotism or of a philanthropic oligarchy, still it is much more congruous with the political constitution where the mass of the people have considerable influence over communal, municipal, provincial, and even in some measure over imperial government. At any rate such influence is the natural issue of that process of true education and true civilization of the great masses of the people characteristic of Christian Democracy. Only let us be very careful not to put the cart before the horse. The humane and reasonable and elevating constitution of society, to which the name of Christian Democracy is being given, is not the consequence of the political enfranchisement of the masses; and though it may lead to such enfranchisement like that of the communes in the eleventh century, and make it a blessing, is distinct from it. And I cannot find in history or in reason any warrant for thinking that an unchristian or anti-Christian Democracy will bring about or will even preserve the social state which we advocate, namely, the combination of civilization and humanity.

Three Trade Marks.

But some of you may ask what is after all the difference between the genuine article and the spurious, since the markets are full of many undesirable consignments labelled Democracy. This is a reasonable question, and my answer is to caution you against buying any goods not stamped with three trade marks.

(1) Christian Democracy does not regard law as the expression of the will of the people, or an emanation of popular sovereignty; but much rather the expression of the national reason and conscience applying the general

dictates of the law of nature to the circumstances of the times. The opposing view of law that it is the will of the sovereign, without any necessary regard for the public good or any necessary reference to the law of God, is thoroughly anti-Christian and destructive of true political liberty, nor is it of much consequence whether this arbitrary sovereign is one or a multitude; there is not much to choose between Henry VIII. and the French Jacobins, but between the rule of right reason and the rule of caprice there is everything to choose.

(2) Christian Democracy makes war, not against inequality, but against the abuse of inequality. As Christians we know that while all men have a common nature and common destiny, the gifts both of nature and of grace are bestowed on different men with greatest diversity. This is a fundamental point, social inequality a necessary consequence, envy a vice that we must of necessity combat. St. Thomas living in the golden age of architecture, and having watched the stones from the same quarry, some hidden in dark foundations, others as wondrously carved pinnacles soaring to the sky, thus illustrates this truth: "Just as the architect without any injustice places stones of the same kind in different parts of the building, not on account of any antecedent difference in the stones, but in view of the perfection of the whole building that requires stones to be variously placed; so also God from the beginning, in order that there should be perfection in the universe, ordained by His wisdom and without any injustice that there should be different and unequal creatures, no antecedent difference of merits being presupposed" (*Summa Theol.*, 1, qu. 65, art. 2). A war therefore of classes, a stirring up of the workmen against masters and of the poor against the rich, an indiscriminate abuse of all masters as tyrants, of all men of substance as drones or vampires—such methods of levelling are wholly foreign to Christian Democracy,

whose advocates do not even object to lords—some are lords themselves—what they object to is that lords should sell their name to dishonest company promoters for so many thousand pounds per name.

(3) Christian Democracy has no illusions about the manifold imperfections of fallen man, no new-found contrivances for making a new heaven and a new earth; but recognizes that much suffering must ever be the lot of mankind, not to be removed by the best of governments; that human justice is of necessity lame, halting, imperfect, exterior; and that in consequence there is an immense field ever open for Christian charity. You know how hostile the various schools of socialists are to almsgiving, and though they are quite wrong I cannot blame them. They did but adopt and adapt the theory, taught for over fifty years as a scientific truth by British economists, that misery should be punished as an incitement to avoid it—we might call it the scarecrow method of dealing with poverty. On the other hand, some injudicious Christians, rightly lamenting the sufferings of the poor, and rightly urging the need of compassion and relief, fell into the mistake of looking on charity as the one remedy for social evils; quite forgetting that charity was no substitute for justice, and that if you defrauded your labourers of a shilling per day you were not exempted from your injustice and your duty of restitution, even if you put the whole six shillings every Sunday into the poor box. The Socialists naturally fell into the other extreme, and because charity could not do everything, held that it could do nothing. But Christian Democracy eschews all extremes, and perfectly understands that there is a place for justice and a place for charity; and that every society is in constant need of both. But it is time to pass from the abstract to the concrete. Justice, charity, and Christian Democracy are all fine words; and I may be reminded of the homely

proverb, "Fine words butter no parsnips." Let us look then what Christian Democracy will do for us in three great departments of practical social reforms.

What Christian Democracy Will Do: The Protection of Labour.

Take first the protection of labour. That is the prevention of work being so carried on as to result in the misery and degradation of the workers. You know in England during the last half century two great forces have been in action to remove or prevent such evils, one force being the association of workmen in the shape of trade unions; the other being the action of the Government in the shape of factory laws. And the result is that in many industries work is carried on in well regulated, sanitary factories, and the hours are reasonable and the wages sufficient for a decent life. And so far so good. But only so far. For you are also aware that there are vast numbers of workers who are not protected by the action of trade unions, and are not protected by the action of the law, and by sad consequence are exposed to all sorts of evil, moral and physical, and all sorts of oppression; nor even by their excessive toil, often unhealthy and dangerous, can gain the minimum for a decent existence. Recent sketches of some of them you can find, for example, in Mr. Sherard's *White Slaves of England*, and Mr. Hird's *Cry of the Children*; many details in the *Report on the Sweating System*; grounds for estimating their numbers in Mr. Charles Booth's ninth volume of *Life and Labour of the People*, where he reckons that in London one-third of the inhabitants are close to what he calls the line of poverty, or below it. And if you want a scientific account of how these sweated industries grow and flourish like horrible parasites, you cannot do better than study the

remarkable book of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, entitled *Industrial Democracy*, to which I shall have to refer again. And we may well blush to think that although it is now more than fifty years since Hood wrote his *Song of the Shirt*, and Elizabeth Browning the *Cry of the Children*, still in the very centre and focus of the world's riches so many women still sit—

> In unwomanly rags,
> In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
> Till the brain begins to swim,
> Work, work, work,
> Till the eyes are heavy and dim :—

and to so many children we can still apply the beautiful but heartrending verses that begin with the lines—

> Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
> Ere the sorrow comes with years ?

Now, such oppression of the poorer and weaker members of a society is the extreme opposite of Christian Democracy ; and the upholders of such Democracy would demand for modern England as an immediate reform, the wide extension and better enforcement of the Factory Acts. The Catholics of Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, and Belgium, have been the successful upholders of this human legislation, in which England was once the pioneer, but now lags behind. At least we can imitate the laws of Switzerland and New Zealand forbidding children to enter factories or workshops until they are fourteen ; and the law of Victoria giving assistants in shops a weekly half-holiday, and limiting the hours of employment in shops for women and boys ; and the laws of the German Empire enforcing, as far as possible, provision for decency and good morals in factories.

These are but specimens of the Christian Democratic labour code, and just as they are but putting into prac-

tice the expressed counsels of Leo XIII., another counsel of his must be followed, namely, international agreements on factory laws, and on the suppression of sweating. Else the very international division of labour, on which free traders wax grandiloquent as the most beneficent distribution of the productive forces of the earth, may have the horrible result that each nation, or rather the employers in each nation, would, as far as possible, confine production to the industries where the workpeople could be most oppressed, as in the manufacture, among ourselves, of cheap clothing and cheap furniture. And Christian Democracy would further, as well for the sake of putting down sweating as for its own sake, take resolutely in hand the problem of decent and sanitary dwellings, and so enforce or amend our laws that none should find it profitable to receive payments for insanitary dwellings or workshops. To own a slum would be the most expensive of all luxuries.

Its Organization.

From the protection of labour turn to the kindred subject of the organization of labour, without which no protection can be effectual. Indeed, sweating presupposes disorganization; for were each industry an organized body, having to support its own invalids, and rear the children for its supply, those miserable parasitic industries that take and use up the life blood of the successive relays of workmen, and cast their worn-out human machinery to be supported by the community, would have to be ended or mended, whereas at present (as Mr. and Mrs. Webb point out) we are actually giving them a perverted kind of bounty, providing them not merely with slaves, but with slaves below cost price.

Now, for any reform and organization to be possible, let it be understood once for all, and for all countries and all times, that we renounce the two

principles of an antiquated and ridiculous political economy, namely, cut-throat competition among employers, and the mock competition of individual bargaining between master and workman; there must be regulated trading and collective bargaining. How this is to be worked out in each country must depend on the circumstances of each country, the only general rule being to utilize any strong organizations that are at hand. Now, in England we find the strong organizations of the Trade Unions, by whose action not merely are the wages and conditions of work regulated for their own members, but besides for a great multitude of men, women, and children. Let me say emphatically that Christian Democracy holds out the hand of friendship and welcome to Trade Unions. This may be a hard saying for some of you; and for those whose minds on these matters were formed some thirty or forty years ago, a very hard saying; and I may be confronted with a great volume of tales of trade union tyranny. But of such tales half are the mere imagination of heated antagonists, a quarter are misunderstanding, and of the remaining quarter a portion can, to a reasonable extent, be justified, leaving the other portion as a witness that trade unionists, no less than you or I, are subject to human infirmities; and Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book, *Industrial Democracy*, as well as their previous volume, *The History of Trade Unionism*, are monuments of patient research to which I can appeal. Catholic social reformers, from Leo XIII. downwards, agree on the need of workers' associations; and it is but common sense for us in England, as the English Trade Unions are in no way centres or promoters of Atheism or revolution, to make use of the mighty engine of reform that lies to our hands, instead of carping at its imperfections. Similarly we welcome other forms of workmen's associations, in

particular the grand friendly societies whose help is needed in the work of universal insurance, and the co-operative societies, who are some of our best allies against extravagance, dishonesty, and usury. Further, Christian Democracy does not stop at the association of working classes, but welcomes as part of the scheme of social reform every open and honourable professional association. These unions are characteristic of our times, and we should rejoice to see mill-owners and mine-owners, merchants and ship-owners, united. Their association is the way to put an end to cut-throat competition, and thus is not really in hostility to the associations of workpeople, but is destined to work in harmony with them. For lack of time let two examples be sufficient.

In the Birmingham district for about seven years an alliance has been in existence among some 500 masters and 20,000 men in various metal trades to hinder alike ruinous underselling and reduction of wages. Fair wages and fair prices are periodically fixed, and both masters and men combine against any offender who undersells or underpays. The masters have freedom of management of their works, but all the conditions of labour are settled by a board of conciliation. The result is an oasis of industrial peace and honest trade; the necessary antecedent, the complete organization of both masters and men (for the details see *Economic Review*, April, 1898, S. & B. Webb, *Industrial Democracy*, pp. 577-579). The other example is the system of arbitration tribunals with compulsory powers, established in New Zealand by the Act of 1894. Roughly speaking, the system provides boards of conciliation in the foreground, and has in the background a central court of arbitration with compulsory powers. In the three years the Act has been in force there have been in the colony (the population is about that of Glamorganshire) sixteen

labour disputes, and the Act has been successfully applied to every one of them; there has been neither strike nor lock-out, but a happy intervention before disputants had become embittered. But observe the whole legislation presupposes masters and men; it could not work without them (see Webb, pp. 814–815, and H. de R. Walker, *Australian Democracy*, pp. 283–292). Indeed the famous proposal of the Duke of Devonshire appended to the Report of the Commission on Labour, that trade unions should become corporate bodies, with power to sue their members, has become law for the Antipodes. And once we have put away for ever the notion of society being a mere collection of individuals, or a great nation being merely a great cake of solidified dust, and once we have grasped the notion of organic unity, and based our reform of society on local autonomy and professional associations, then it will be in our power to do much better, for example, than we did in the Workman's Compensation Act of last year, and to establish a reasonable and cheap, and decentralized system of insurance against sickness, accidents, invalidity, old age, and last, but not least, against unemployment.

The Land Question.

My time forbids more than a word or two on a third great department on social reform—the land. But a word or two is essential, lest you be misled by two prevalent and calamitous mistakes common in this country. One is to think, that the creation, multiplication, or preservation of small farmers is not desirable—is not compatible with scientific agriculture; that to restore the English yeomen would be a retrograde step. This mistake is fundamental. Not merely is there practical unanimity among Catholic economists, the Pope

among them, that in every healthy state there should be multitudes of small farmers, and multitudes with rights in the soil; but also among non-Catholic economists, notably in scientific Germany, there is a vast preponderance of opinion on the same side. Indeed, it is difficult for a student of history to be of any other opinion; while the alleged incompatibility of scientific agriculture and small farming is singularly inaccurate; let any one compare during the last fifteen years the farming of East Anglia with that of Denmark. This mistake is, indeed, naturally one of the articles in the creed of Continental socialism, small farmers being bulwarks against revolution and irreligion. Our English socialists, so-called, 90 per cent. of whom are no more real advocates of revolutionary irreligion than you or I, but only wanting a little more light to become admirable Christian Democrats, have been trapped into this mistake partly by the genuine Socialists, and partly by the abnormal circumstances of England, with a town population supported in great part by peasants or yeomen in Ireland, India, America, and Russia. Let me ask them to look at the doings of what I think I may call the Christian Democracy of Australasia, for nowhere else do I think the counsels of Leo XIII. have been so nearly followed. Many details can be found in Mr. Walker's recent work on *Australian Democracy*. It is enough to say here that all the Australasian governments are aiming at the multiplicity of small owners or perpetual leaseholders, and at the restriction by means of graduated taxation of large estates. And in so doing they are building a wall against revolutionary socialism.

The second mistake about small farmers is to think they are most favoured where there is the most freedom and ease in buying and in selling land, and that they stand in need of no protection. It is an error of the Liberal economists, and these mischievous quacks have

made it common among the Liberal party; but all history and experience is against it. Again and again have races of small farmers once flourishing been either driven from the soil altogether, or reduced to misery, ensnared by the lawyer, exhausted by the tax-gatherer, enslaved by the money-lender, and in our own time and own Empire the first duty of a humane and reasonable Government, to protect the homes and homesteads of the poor, is sadly and calamitously neglected. Much, no doubt, can be done by the admirable rural associations and Raiffeisen banks which are beginning to spread in Ireland. But this is not enough; and Christian Democracy calls for homestead exemption laws as in America, the helps to agriculture as in Australasia, the punishment of usurers as in Germany. At the present moment usury in England, usury in Ireland, usury in India, insolent, rampant, making the courts of justice into destroyers of justice and agents of plunder, is a scandal of the first magnitude, is the quintessence of paganism, is in total opposition to Christian Democracy. And at the present moment I would add we as Catholics have a peculiar interest and duty to see that the Money-Lending Inquiry issues in immediate and practical legislation, we who for so many long years have borne the imputation of mediæval ignorance for our persistent denunciation of the mischief and wickedness of usury.

The Phrase "Christian Democracy."

I have said enough to show that Christian Democracy is not a mere idle form of words, but a call for active deeds. Yet some of you may ask, Cannot we have the deeds that we approve without the words that seem to us suspicious and misleading? I answer that the phrase Christian Democracy is not of my own inven-

tion, that I have no wish to force it on unwilling ears, that if a better phrase can be found none will be better pleased than myself. But I appeal to all those experienced in the movements of our times, whether some phrase is not essential for every movement. If you can show a better form of words to express this movement for social reform, for the Christian renovation of society, for the undoing of the hideous spoliation of the sixteenth century, let us welcome it gladly. But for the moment Christian Democracy seems to me the best word to show that we are what we are, the Church of the people. It seems the best translation into modern speech of the language of the catacombs, of the language of the Fathers, of the language of the Christian Middle Ages. When Burns sang "A man's a man for a' that," the note of bitterness and envy is of his own bitter and envious time; the note of humanity and sympathy is the echo of the mediæval Chaucer:—

"Those that thou callest thy thralls are God's people; for humble folk are Christ's friends . . . the same death that taketh the churl, such death taketh the lord."

We read this in the *Canterbury Tales*, and again:—

"Christ wills we claim of him our gentillesse, For wicked, sinful deeds they make the churl."

Christianity, it has been well said, was the first to create the *people*, instead of a society made up of privileged citizens, oppressed out-landers, and a host of slaves, no better treated, in fact or by law, than cattle or swine. And Pope Leo can rightly say: "The monuments of past ages bear witness to the truth that those laws and constitutions which are of greatest value for the common welfare, those which bridle the licence of ill-ruling princes, which forbid the central government to meddle at every turn in local business and private life, which secure due respect to human personality, and due equality of all before the law—of all these the Catholic

Church has ever been the author, or helper, or guardian" (*Immortale Dei*).

The Church of the People.

Truly, then, we are the Church of the people, and in the proper and not the mock sense of the word, the friends of the people, and as such the term Christian Democracy seems to be rightly chosen to separate us off clearly from three classes of men who call themselves by various names, but whom I will call the demagogues, the plutocrats, and the rationalists: First, the demagogues, who flatter the people and stir them up to hatred and scorn of the richer classes, as though all vice and folly were concentrated among the rich, while the poor were *ipso facto* free from the consequences of original sin. Secondly, the plutocrats, namely those holders of riches, or strivers after riches, for whom the people are but pawns in their game, and for whom the laws of man have little terror, the laws of God none. Thirdly, the rationalists who scorn the people. These last are the worst, as their error is the most irremediable. The Athenian Aristophanes with inimitable wit held up to perpetual ridicule the sovereign people; but Aristophanes was a pagan; and the Athenian people were not a Christian Democracy, but pagans and slave-owners. Our modern mockers have less wit and less excuse. "The bulk of humanity lives by proxy . . . millions live and die in order to produce a rare élite . . . the masses do not count, are a mere bulk of raw material, out of which, drop by drop, the essence is extracted." So said Renan, the arch-rationalist (*Life* by Darmesteter, pp. 116, 198), and he was but the echo of thousands. For what course is open for polished infidelity and cultured ungodliness except to scorn the vulgar herd? Just the same doctrines are taught in Germany; while Mr. Lecky, the British rationalist in chief, in his work on

Democracy and Liberty, involves, by a significant conjunction, both priests and people in one common contempt and vituperation. But for us who are the truly enlightened, and see further than the outer garb, and hear more than the tricks of speech, and are taught above all things to look to the dispositions of the heart, the case is different. We can exclaim with the noble-hearted Walter Scott, "Vulgar! 'tis only common; and nothing that is common except wickedness deserves to be spoken of in a tone of contempt." And for us Christians, the *profanum vulgus* of Horace, the common people, are transformed into "the wondrous workmanship of God's own mould." "Go to the people," the Pope has said; and he has said wisely: for the Church that has made the people can trust the people.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

"Don't talk to me of negroes and negresses!" exclaimed an American friend to me one day. "You have all sorts of beautiful theories about them here in England, but you have never lived with them as I have; and if you ask me, 'Is not a negro a man and a brother?' I emphatically answer, 'No.'"

I smiled at my friend, knowing well his inveterate prejudices, which are shared, unhappily, by so large a number of his countrymen; and then I told him the following story, which was related to me by a holy Bishop not long ago, and which I think will prove that, in point of Christian virtues, the negro may be no whit behind, but rather above our standard of goodness.

In the town of B—— there was a large store, kept by a clever, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman named Nancy, who was well known in the town both for her irreproachable honesty and for her fervent Catholic piety. Almost everything could be found there, as is the case in most shops of the sort in America; and her customers had the satisfaction of knowing that nothing would be bad or adulterated which came from Nancy's store. That "honesty is the best policy" was proved in her case, as in that of so many others, for every one

flocked to her in preference to even more attractive establishments; while she was known to the poor as the kindest and most generous of friends and benefactors, and to the priests as a certain helper in all their wants and difficulties.

One day the Bishop, who, being an Englishman, had no preconceived prejudice against people of colour, inquired her history of his companion; adding, "She seems a very superior woman."

"Your lordship may well say so," exclaimed the priest of whom he had made the inquiry: "and what is more, I do not know of any white woman who would be capable of such extraordinary generosity and Christian forgiveness as she has lately shown." The good priest then proceeded to narrate the following story:—

Nancy was born in a slave plantation in the South, many years before the emancipation of the negroes. Her father was the master of the plantation, and her mother one of the female slaves. Being a pretty, intelligent child, her father took more notice of her than masters generally did of the results of their well-known vices, and gave her a very fair education. When she became older, he made her his housekeeper, and finally set her over all the other female slaves. Her temper was so sweet, and she was so generally liked and respected amongst them, that this promotion excited no jealousy; and she used her power to soften in every way the sufferings of her companions in slavery. For her master, although her father, was a thoroughly bad and tyrannical as well as a cruel man; and no story in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* could exceed in horror the scenes

which had occasionally been witnessed on that plantation.

One subject only had been carefully omitted from the education she had received, and that was religion. The property was situated in a county where it was positively forbidden to instruct the slaves in any form of Christianity. Whether this arose from the dread of their realizing thereby their equality in the sight of God, I do not know: certain it is that the law was rigidly enforced, and, moreover, accompanied by the heaviest penalties. Any infringement of it was punished by a fine from the master, and by the lash for the slave; and few therefore cared to run the terrible risk that any attempt to learn the doctrines of Christianity entailed.

Nancy had been, after a certain time, married by her master to a negro, who was a kind of superintendent in the plantation. The marriage turned out a very happy one, so that he sought no other companion. They had two children, who were Nancy's idols, and who grew up healthy, strong, and good, like their parents. Everything promised well for Nancy's earthly future; but God, who had higher views for her, led her by the way of the Cross to a nobler and a better life.

One day, on visiting a dying negro woman who had not been long bought for the estate, Nancy was surprised at her evident joy and calmness at the prospect of her approaching death Yet she had been kindly treated, and there was no apparent reason for her being sick of life, when she had known nothing better, having been born and bred on a plantation. Nancy's curiosity

was roused, and she questioned the dying negress, who then revealed to her that she was a Catholic, and that she had been baptized and instructed by a holy Jesuit Father who chanced to have visited her in her old home: that though deprived where she then was of all possibility of practising her religion, she had never omitted prayer, and that now she was happy to go to Our Lord who had redeemed her with His own Blood, and hoped to live with Him and with His Blessed Mother for ever in heaven.

All this was strange and utterly bewildering to our poor Nancy, who had never heard a word of religion in her life, nor any allusion to God, save in the blasphemies of her brutal master when he was in a passion. She went home full of new and serious thoughts, and day after day, till the end came, did she sit by the bedside of the dying negress, who joyfully revealed to her, bit by bit, the whole scheme of our redemption. Nancy drank it all in, as the parched ground drinks in the welcome shower from heaven. Her natural intelligence helped her to realize the truth even more fully than her instructor had done. She believed, and all she now thirsted for was for the waters of baptism, that she, too, might become a child of God and an inheritor of His heavenly kingdom.

Before her death, the negress confided to her that once a month a priest came on the outskirts of the plantation to visit a certain little mission in the hills, and that possibly Nancy might then obtain the coveted grace. This faithful Christian soon after breathed her last; but her work had been done, and from that hour Nancy's

whole soul was bent on becoming a Catholic. Full well did she know of the cruel law we have mentioned, and of the nature of the master with whom she would have to deal. But the firm faith and holy joy of the dying negress had made an indelible impression upon her, and she felt herself strong enough to endure any amount of torture to obtain the same grace.

Months rolled on, and she had been unable to effect her purpose, till one day—by chance, as men would say—she found the very priest for whom she had so long sought. She lost not a moment in explaining to him her wishes and her position. The good Father listened with deep and patient interest, and finally consented to instruct and baptize her. This was done with the greatest secrecy; but alas! a Judas was found in the person of a slave who had been punished for some misconduct, and who had attributed his discovery and disgrace, although unjustly, to Nancy. He had tracked her to the borders of the plantation and had seen her interviews with the priest, and joyfully denounced her to his master as a Christian and a Catholic.

The fury of this man knew no bounds. He sent for her and accused her of the crime, for such he considered it, which she at once freely confessed. In his wild rage he would have killed her on the spot, had not some one interfered. But his determination when he became calmer was even more cruel. He told her that she need not reckon on impunity in consequence of her relationship to him, or of her position in his household: that if she persisted in attending Christian services or seeing the priest, he would have her scourged in pres-

ence of all the slaves on the plantation. As she kept firm to her purpose and refused to give up her Faith, the barbarous sentence was carried out, and that not only once, but three times. She was likewise degraded to the lowest post in the household where she had formerly been the honoured mistress.

Yet Nancy bore all in silence. Infuriated at what he called her obstinacy, her master then sent for her, and told her that as physical suffering had no effect in subduing her will, he would see what moral torture could do: and he announced to her his intention of selling her husband and children to a man noted even among bad masters for his barbarous treatment of his slaves. Who can picture the agony of this faithful wife and mother? who could wonder had she yielded to such an awful threat? Yet, strengthened by God's grace, she did not yield, but endured the misery of seeing all she loved torn from her and exposed to torture and death, rather than deny her Lord.

Then came the war and the emancipation, and the masters were ruined and the slaves were free. Then, even in this world, the good received their reward; for their faithful slaves would not leave them, but toiled on for nothing, or took places in New York and elsewhere, and sent all their earnings to the widowed wives and mothers in the old plantations. One slave went voluntarily with his master to San Francisco, and when the hard work in the mines proved too much for his master's strength, and he died, the faithful slave toiled on until he had obtained the sum which his master had fixed upon, and then came straight back to deposit every

sixpence of it at the feet of his old mistress. Nancy was a woman of great energy and ability, and resolved with her savings to open a store at B——. The husband and children, whom she had so fondly loved, had, alas! died under the hands of their brutal taskmaster; but her old master had disappeared, no one knew where.

And now comes the most beautiful part of my story. After she had been settled here for some years, and was succeeding even beyond her expectations—for God blessed all to which she put her hand—she met one day in the street of the city a poor, broken-down old man, who craved an alms. She looked at him, and, to her amazement, recognized in the beggar her former rich and brutal master.

What did she do? Most people would have passed him by in disgust and horror. Many, I fear, would have rejoiced at a degradation so richly deserved. But Nancy had learned her Christian lesson well. She inquired into his circumstances, found out that his ruin was complete, and then and there made up her mind to a truly heroic act. She took this man, who had cruelly flogged her again and again, and who had well-nigh broken her heart by causing the death of all those she loved, and brought him to her own house. She gave him her best room, and waited upon him as if she were still his slave, and never rested until she had obtained for him some light employment, which would enable him to earn his living. Never was there a more sublime fulfilment of the Gospel precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him."

Before closing this paper, I wish to relate one other

short story of the wonderful charity shown by this down-trodden race towards those from whom they have received the cruellest injuries. It was told me by the late Lady S——, who was staying some years ago at Seaton, on the Yorkshire coast; and during that time went one day with a party to visit the hospital at Hartlepool. They were shown over the wards, and were afterwards taken to a corridor in which were some separate small rooms for bad and incurable cases. The matron opened one of the doors mechanically, as it were, and then quickly closed it.

Lady S—— asked her if there were any one in that room.

The matron replied, "Yes;" that a poor negro was there, who had been frightfully ill-used by the captain of a merchant-vessel which had put into Hartlepool; that the captain had been tried and convicted, and was undergoing his sentence; but the matron added:—

"It ought to have been much more severe. The poor fellow is in the most fearful state, and I do not think he can recover. He is frightfully mutilated, and for the most part unconscious. He can hardly speak a word of English, and is a fearful object for any one to look upon!"

No more was said on the subject, and the party returned to Seaton. But Lady S—— could not sleep. Her thoughts turned constantly towards the poor negro, and dwelt specially on the miserable and lonely state of the dying man, whom even the nurses seemed to avoid, as affording so revolting a sight. Such utter desolation was too dreadful to think of, and her Catholic heart resolved that something should be done.

The next morning, consequently, without saying a word to any one, she returned alone to Hartlepool, determined to see the negro, and judge for herself. On arriving at the hospital, the matron tried to dissuade her from going into the room, assuring her that the appearance of the poor fellow was so shocking, she would never be able to stand it. However, Lady S—— was not to be deterred by such arguments from a work of charity, and insisted on going in.

She confessed, afterwards, that in one sense the matron was right. A more terrible sight could scarcely have been conceived! Nevertheless, she asked to be left alone with him, and then lifting up her heart to God in one short and earnest prayer, she spoke a few words to him, taking his hand at the same moment, and pressing it with earnest sympathy.

For some time, the poor fellow seemed unable to rouse himself; he breathed heavily, and seemed half dead. Lady S—— then began to inquire tenderly about his wounds, and about the conduct of the captain, about whose cruelty she expressed herself in no measured terms. He answered her inquiries; but to her surprise, showed no resentment, and no desire of revenge. Lady S—— then spoke a few words of religious hope and faith; but he did not seem to understand her. At last, kneeling down, she said the "Our Father," and from habit, added the "Hail Mary." He looked up at once, which he had not done till then, and murmured feebly:—

"My mother taught me that."

This broke down the barrier of his reserve, and it

came out that his mother was a Catholic, and that he had been baptized in the same Faith. A priest was sent for; and what struck him most, as it had done Lady S——, was the entire absence of anger in his heart against the man who had been virtually his murderer. Father C—— had no need to preach to him forgiveness of injuries; his charity was perfect, and he had the consolation of seeing him die soon after in perfect peace with God and man, having received all the last Sacraments of the Church.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the running waters; for after a long time thou shalt find it again." We read these words, yet we do not take heart. We pray and see no immediate answer to our prayers; and then we lose hope, we lose courage, we lose faith; and so we obtain nothing.

The following true story may perhaps help us to greater perseverance:—

It came to my knowledge that in a certain house not far from the church of the Servite Fathers, there was an old gentleman suffering from an incurable disease, who had been born and brought up a Catholic, but had become a Protestant to please his wife on the occasion of his marriage, and had, therefore, for a long time given up all practice of his religion. He had spent the greater part of his life in India, and had only been back in England a few years. His mother had been a most saintly person, the sister of a bishop; and her sorrow at the apostasy of her son, in spite of her careful training, had been lifelong and bitter. Still she never gave up hope, and never ceased praying for his return to the Faith of his childhood.

At the time when I became acquainted with him, his wife was dead, and he was living in lodgings, where

the landlady was covetous, suspicious, grasping, and believing that no one could be interested in her lodger save for his money. Alas! there are many such in London, and the suffering they are able to inflict on their victims, especially if of the kind called by the French *les pauvres honteux*—ladies and gentlemen who have seen better days—would fill a volume.

One of the Servite Fathers, who was the parish priest, heard of this case and went at once to see him. But the landlady was inexorable. First she asked what possible business he could have with this gentleman, who was a Protestant.

Father S—— replied that he knew, as a fact, that he was a Catholic; and that, as one of his flock, it was a duty on his part to come and see him.

After a long debate on this point, the woman began to tell him a long story; how her lodger had run through all his money; how he had not a penny left of his own; and how she was keeping him entirely out of charity and on account of the intimate friendship she had formerly had with his wife. All this, I may remark in passing, was entirely false.

Father S—— replied that he had nothing whatever to say to his money; that the only object of his visit was to save his soul; and persisted in his request to be allowed to go upstairs.

Then the landlady tried another tack, and said he was such a violent man, and flew into such fearful passions, that she would not dare introduce a priest, as he would certainly insult him.

To which Father S—— replied, smiling, that he

should not mind that, and that all he wanted to do was to satisfy his own conscience by seeing and speaking to him.

Then she said that he would not even see his own clergyman, and had dared him to come near him.

"You mean the Protestant clergyman?" continued the Father. "That I understand; and it is precisely for that reason that I wish to see him. Will you do me the favour of sending up my card to him?"

Then she had recourse to another stratagem. She said his disease was so far advanced that it was impossible for any one to endure the smell. He had already had ever so many nurses, and none of them would remain. The fact was that nurses were too expensive. She was anxious to get all his money, and would not have anything spent which she could avoid.

Father S—— replied that no bad smell or contagious disease would deter a Catholic priest from doing his duty to the dying; and that if she wished for a nurse for nothing, she could have one of the Sisters of La Miséricorde de Séez, who would come at once.

He saw that she was taken aback at this, and that the idea of having a nurse for nothing rather pleased her. Finally, she told him she would think over it and ask her husband; on which the holy priest, finding he could do nothing more that day, went away, promising to call on the morrow.

In the meantime, however, he went to see a lady who knew the case and had some acquaintance with the landlady, and begged her to go and try to persuade her to engage one of the Sisters for the sick

man. This lady went at once, and succeeded beyond her hopes; the idea of unpaid service evidently brought about the wished-for arrangement.

The Sister sent was a Frenchwoman, full of zeal, energy and piety; and she and another Sister, for three whole months, took it by turns, day and night, to nurse the poor man, remaining in that fetid atmosphere and never shrinking from any service, however loathsome. The French Sister at once won the sick gentleman's heart; she was so different from the nurses he had previously endured: the delicacy of her touch in dressing his wounds, and the heroic charity and patience which she showed, in spite of his occasional fits of irritability and temper, produced a marvellous effect upon him.

After a little time she began to say a few words on religious subjects; but when she suggested his seeing a priest, the sick man became furiously angry. The good Sister, however, bore all his reproaches with gentleness and in silence: she was determined that his soul should be saved, and never ceased to pray for that object all the time she was in his room, and to offer up everything for that intention.

Once, while she was talking to him on the subject, a terrific knocking was heard in the room, which seemed at the same time as if shaken by an earthquake. The Sister was startled, for there was no way of accounting for it; but the sick man was so extremely frightened that he began to tremble all over, declared it was the devil, and implored the Sister not to leave him and to put on him whatever holy thing she might have

about her. She gave him a medal, which at once tranquillized him, and he became calm.

This fright, whatever may have occasioned it, had the good effect of making him consent to see Father S——, who called the following day and was most politely received, though the conversation was confined to general subjects and to inquiries as to his health. The sick man was very much pleased with his visitor, and entreated him to come again. On this second occasion, Father S—— began on the subject of religion, and found him imbued with all the most absurd prejudices which a Protestant could have against the Catholic Faith, especially against confession, infallibility, devotion to Our Lady, and the Blessed Sacrament. However, he was not averse from discussing these subjects. The good priest came every day, and with the greatest sweetness and patience answered all his objections. What he did not fully agree to or understand, he would talk over afterwards with the Sister, who generally succeeded in satisfying him.

At last his eyes were opened, and then his only anxiety was to be prepared for Confession and Holy Communion, which again the Sister undertook to do. She found that the one soft place in his heart was his love for his pious mother, who had always prayed so earnestly for him. Amidst all his wanderings he had carefully kept one little thing which she had given him as a boy. It was a small cardboard shape of the foot of St. Rose of Viterbo, and a piece of the veil which had covered her body on the shrine, with its authentication. Who knows what grace he obtained by his fidelity to this

one recollection of his holier days? Anyhow, Sister C—— never alluded to his mother without the tears coming into his eyes. "Would that she could see the answer to her prayers!" he would exclaim: "but doubtless she is still watching over and helping me from heaven."

At last the day came when he was to make his confession and be reconciled to God. Scarcely had Father S—— sat down by his bedside, when that appalling knock was again heard in the room. It sounded like a most furious blow on a large copper cauldron, and shook the whole room, as the Sister had before experienced. The sick man was most violently agitated, clasped the priest's hand tightly, and implored him not to leave him.

Father S—— told him to be calm and not to mind the wiles of his spiritual enemy. His penitent then said that he belonged to one of the worst lodges of Freemasonry, and that he was sure the noise was diabolical.

The priest sprinkled him with holy water, when he became suddenly quiet, and made a full and general confession; after which he was reconciled to God and to the Church, and received the Blessed Sacrament with the deepest penitence and joy. The consolation he then experienced continued to the end of his life, although his landlady did her very best to embitter it by her unfounded jealousy and avarice. She took it into her head that the priest and the Sister were trying to get all the old gentleman's money—"or else," she was overheard saying, "that nurse, who is quite a lady too, would never endure that smell for so many days and

nights; and that young clergyman would not come to see him so frequently and remain with him so long!" She became as disagreeable to them both as possible, and there was no spite or ill-nature that she did not vent upon the poor Sister, who was naturally more in her power than the priest.

At last, in a rage, she told Father S—— that she knew the Sister had got a lot of money out of the patient, whereas it had all been promised to her; that the sick man paid nothing for his board and lodging or medicines, and that it was all at her expense; and a great deal more in the same strain.

Father S—— found out that the whole of this statement was absolutely false; but she made the poor invalid so miserable by her abuse and continual suspicion, that he implored the priest to take him to another lodging. However, when it came to the time, he was too ill to be moved, so that things were obliged to go on as before.

The poor sufferer himself seemed willing to accept everything in a spirit of penitence for the past. His patience was wonderful, in spite of the most terrible sufferings. Towards the end of his illness, his feet mortified and bred worms, causing him excessive pain; but the only remark he made about this was that Almighty God was punishing him in that way, because he had formerly been so vain about his feet. In fact, his dispositions were most edifying. He received the Sacrament frequently, and always with the greatest fervour and contrition. His death was calm and free from all terrors. To both the Sister and Father S—— it was the source of unmixed consolation—how much

more to the poor mother who would meet him in heaven her ransomed child—the object of so many apparently hopeless tears and prayers!

The landlady's astonishment was very great when, on opening his desk, she found all and more than all the money she expected. She owned to the priest that she was ashamed of her unjust suspicions: but that she had never seen so much patience and charity as was shown to that poor man by the Sisters; and that she could not believe, till now, that any one living would have made such sacrifices for a stranger, without any gain or profit! Certainly, if example and teaching could have made her a Catholic, she had both. But her covetousness and love of money were, like Judas's, too strong impediments to her conversion. Her feelings, however, are greatly softened towards those "nurses," as she persists in calling the Sisters, who are so willing to "spend and be spent" for the sake of the suffering members of their Lord. May their great work for the bodies and souls of men obtain a glorious place for them in heaven!

THE TWO SCHOOL-BOYS.

It is marvellous how, in the ages of faith and in the countries where she was really known and understood, cities and communities vied with each other in honouring Mary, the Mother of God; all laying claim to the privilege of being her spiritual votaries. Hence the beautiful custom of exhibiting her image in the public squares, in private houses, and at the corners of streets, with a little lamp burning before it, as may be seen in many a town in Italy and Spain; of placing it, as in the Tyrol, as protectress of the fields and harvests, either in an elm-tree scooped out for the purpose, or in a wayside shrine; of erecting it as a bulwark of defence above the gates of cities, and building tiny chapels in her honour all round the circuits of the public walls.

Of one of these little sanctuaries, constructed in the rampart of a small town named Budris, in the province of Bologna in Italy, I wish to tell a true story, in order to show the special favours bestowed by Our Lady on those who are really devout towards her.

In this little chapel there was a terra-cotta statue representing Our Blessed Lady under the title of "Auxilium Christianorum." Two boys of twelve and

thirteen years of age, had acquired the holy habit of stopping on their return from school to look at the beautiful image through two apertures made expressly in the door of the chapel, and to recite one or two "Hail Marys" on their knees in honour of Our Lady. One day in 1854, when the month of May was approaching, one of them said to the other:—

"How I should like to have this chapel opened every evening in May, and to sing the Litany and other devotions to Our Lady here!"

"I was just thinking the same thing," replied the other. "I am certain it would be crowded with people."

"How nice it would be!" rejoined the first speaker, whose name was Luigi. "Listen; let us go to the Prior and speak to him about it. If he gives us leave, we shall be all right."

This idea pleased his companion Antonio, and both ran off to the parish priest, a good and pious religious of the Servite Order, full of devotion to the Mother of God, and of affection towards the children under his care. The good Father listened with no small pleasure to the boys' proposal, and replied, smiling:—

"Do, dear children, what God inspires you for the honour of Our Blessed Lady. You will always find a friend in me."

The two boys waited to hear no more, but, kissing the priest's hand, went off joyfully to the gentleman who kept the key of the chapel. Having obtained it, they set themselves with all their might to dust, arrange and adorn, as well as they knew how, the statue and altar.

The rumour of their project spread rapidly; and when the last evening of April came, the street was thronged with people, attracted partly by curiosity, partly by devotion. The two boys exulted in their hearts at seeing such a crowd, and felt their spirits rise and their devotion increase.

They then opened the devotions of the month of May by singing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, after which one of them read aloud a meditation and example suited to inspire devotion to Mary. After the lecture they sang the Litany, and concluded with a second hymn to Our Blessed Lady. They continued to observe this order in their little service all through the month of May, each taking it in turn to officiate as leader.

This simple impulse of piety touched the hearts of the people, and a numerous congregation continued to frequent the little oratory and join in the exercises. Thus, as the end of the month approached, a general regret was felt at the speedy termination of such edifying devotions; but most of all this regret was experienced by the two boys, who had never, in all their previous lives, tasted greater sweetness and consolation. They bethought themselves of once more petitioning the Prior,—this time for permission to continue their devotions on every Saturday and every feast of Our Lady. They then repaired to the good Father to invite him to come in person and close the month of May by delivering a sermon, and imparting his benediction. Having, to his great joy, heard from all sides good and edifying accounts of these exercises, he accepted without hesitation, and on the last evening of the month repaired

to the chapel with another Father of the same Servite Order. He delivered an eloquent and touching discourse to the people assembled, and dismissed them with his blessing.

The fulness of joy in his heart brought tears to his eyes; and tenderly embracing the two children, he exhorted them to persevere in their tender love for the Mother of God. The boys were not slow to perceive that this was a favourable moment to urge their request, and, after having expressed their gratitude for his kindness, one of them said:—

"I think Our Lady would be pleased if we were to continue to honour her thus every Saturday and on each of her feasts. Will you give us leave to do so?"

"Willingly, dear children," replied the priest, "and I trust that God will bless your piety;" and, giving them his blessing, he returned to his monastery.

Thus the two youths continued to honour Mary in their little sanctuary; nor did the devout fail to encourage their fervour. They brought presents and offerings, so that the chapel was well provided with altar-cloths, candlesticks, and flowers; and all day long on Saturday the lamp burned before the statue of Mary. They had even sufficient money to enable them to get a picture of the image engraved, and distributed it to the people as an incentive to devotion.

It was not long before Mary deigned to show how acceptable to her was the homage of these pious children. In the following year the whole of Italy was afflicted with a visitation of Asiatic cholera, by

which all its towns were decimated. Budris, among the rest, suffered severely, and hardly a family escaped bereavement. Our two good boys obtained permission to organize triduums and novenas to Our Lady, hoping thereby to avert the scourge; and their little services were attended by large and devout congregations. But universal terror reigned. Husbands, returning to their homes after their day's work, often found their wives, whom they had left in good health, in the last stage of this cruel malady; parents saw their children, and children their parents, brought home from the fields or the streets, suddenly stricken with the epidemic. No remedy at first seemed to avail; hot and cold treatments were alternately tried, and both were equally in vain. There was no longer any attempt at pompous funerals. Rich and poor, without distinction, were flung into carts, which traversed the streets to receive corpses all day long. Courage survived only among the good Servite Fathers, who, with indefatigable zeal, spent night and day going from house to house to administer the last Sacraments to the dying.

Luigi and Antonio however, seeing that all, even the sacristans, shrank from accompanying the holy Viaticum to the hospitals and homes of the sick, volunteered for this sacred duty, and, carrying torches in their hands, followed the priests bearing the Blessed Sacrament, even to the bedsides of the cholera patients. The Mother of God protected them; neither they nor any of their relations were touched by the epidemic. It was even observed, with great edification, that in the whole of the long street in which the chapel was situ-

ated nobody fell ill of the malady which raged so violently in all the other quarters of the town.

Towards the end of August the good Prior—a martyr to charity—quitted this miserable world. A certain gentleman, fatally stricken with cholera, obstinately refused to make his peace with God and die a Christian death. In wickedness he had lived, in wickedness he was resolved to die; and even in the midst of the agonies of his illness he blasphemed like a demon. The good pastor, grieved to the heart that one of his flock should perish, remained a whole day and night by his bedside, trying every expedient to induce him to reconcile himself with God. At last, finding that all was in vain, he made to the justice of God the generous offer of giving his life for the conversion of that sinner, and for the cessation of the plague which was sweeping away so many of his parishioners.

This heroic sacrifice was accepted. All at once the sick man, touched by divine grace, was converted, received the Sacraments, and died, begging the good Father to implore pardon in his name of all the people assembled in the church for the scandals occasioned by him. The priest returned thanks to God for his conversion, and prepared himself to die. On the following morning, which was Sunday, he said the parochial Mass as usual. After the Gospel, he related to the people how God had touched the heart of the unbeliever so well known to them all, and drawn him to Himself with unmistakable signs of true and sincere contrition. He added how, on his death-bed, he had implored him to ask their forgiveness for the grievous scandals he

had given them. He then preached an eloquent and impassioned sermon on the scourge with which Heaven was chastising the world for its crying sins. The people gathered, from many expressions used by him, that he spoke to them for the last time; tears flowed on every side, and he, too, wept with joy and tenderness. He concluded by giving them his pastoral benediction, accompanying it with his good wishes—which he had never before done, and did now only because he felt his death to be imminent.

When Mass was over, he found the two boys in the sacristy waiting to speak to him. He sat down between them, took both their hands in his, and exhorted them tenderly to persevere in goodness, to cherish devotion to the Mother of God, and to shun evil company. With many other touching words, he embraced them affectionately, and withdrew to his cell, where he was immediately attacked by the cholera in its most violent form; and, after a few hours' suffering, resigned his soul to God, comforted with all the Sacraments of the Church. With his death the plague instantly ceased. He was the last victim exacted by divine justice from that town.

His loss was irreparable. By the death of this exemplary pastor, the whole town was thrown into mourning. When the great bell began to toll out its melancholy strokes, all hearts were filled with sadness. Everywhere a mournful silence reigned. Those who met in the streets spoke to each other only with their eyes, or at most said in a low voice, "Our Father is dead!" "He is dead!" wailed the women and children

and all flocked into the church to pray with tears for him who had been indeed their Father and their best friend. This deep sadness was, however, changed into thanksgiving and joy when the miraculous cessation of the cholera became manifest, for which mercy solemn triduos of thanksgiving were celebrated in all the principal churches.

Our two boys, on their part, did not let the occasion pass of testifying their gratitude to Our Lady, and determined to perform a solemn triduum in honour of their Madonna. They adorned their little chapel with festive draperies, according to the custom of the district, and illuminated the entire façade with lanterns of various colours, arranged in a pattern; while the inhabitants of that quarter which alone had been exempted from the visitation, hung from their windows the variegated cloths used for feasts, and illuminated each window with two lights in the Italian fashion. Festoons of small glass lamps, variously tinted, were hung across the street, from one house to another, at short intervals of about twenty yards; and they even summoned a good choir of musicians, with the whole instrumental force of a military band, in order that they might sing and play in honour of Mary at various hours of the last day of the triduum. Only one thing was wanting, without which it seemed to Luigi and Antonio that their feast would not be complete. This was a peal of bells. They had nothing but a common hand-bell, which they used to ring a quarter of an hour before commencing their ordinary devotions in order to summon the congregation; but on such a grand occasion

this instrument sounded too poor. Something more imposing was wanted.

After many cogitations and projects they remembered that a gentleman living in the country about two miles distant possessed a little peal of four well-toned bells mounted in a wooden frame, which he had bought for the amusement of his children. They lost no time, but started at once to request the loan of them. To reach the gentleman's house it was necessary to cross the river Idice, an impetuous torrent liable to sudden and dangerous floods. The road-bridge was too far off: there was at hand a little wooden foot-bridge about two feet wide, constructed for the convenience of those of that neighbourhood who might have occasion to cross to the opposite shore, but a few days previously, more than half of it had been carried away by the rush of waters sweeping down from the hills of Bologna. The two boys, thinking more of their bells and their Feast than of the peril to which they exposed themselves, attempted to cross by the broken bridge as far as it reached, and to ford the rest. The taller of the two took off his shoes, tucked up his trousers, and tried to reach the bottom with his feet; but finding the water deep, he offered to carry Antonio on his back, and in this fashion they started.

Before he had taken two steps, Luigi perceived the danger they were in: he tried to turn back, but could not, because the stream, rushing violently against the last pier of the little bridge, and divided by it into two diverging currents, impelled him diagonally towards the middle of the river. The bed of the stream was sandy and un-

stable; the water rose rapidly, and already reached his waist; the weight of his companion, whom he carried on his shoulders, and who clung tightly round his neck, embarrassed and almost suffocated him. In vain he strove to direct his steps towards the opposite shore; the rush of the torrent forced him downwards with the course of the river. Every step took him deeper and deeper; the water was now up to his armpits; his breath was failing; his legs were giving way under him. He was on the point of abandoning himself to the impetus of the waves and to death, when it occurred to both simultaneously to invoke the great Mother of God with a "Hail Mary". Before they had finished the prayer, without knowing how or by whom, they found themselves transported from the middle of the river to the opposite bank.

Their wonder, and the gratitude of their hearts to Mary, may easily be imagined. When they reached the end of their journey they were received with the utmost kindness, supplied with refreshment and their wet clothes changed; and having heard what had occurred to them, the good gentleman joined with them in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady, and gave them the bells they were in quest of. Then they returned exulting to their little chapel, where, having set all things in order, they rang their newly-acquired bells merrily, and on the following day celebrated their Feast with great solemnity.

Nor was this the only benefit which they received from the Mother of God. Many and great were the

graces bestowed on them, especially that of their preservation from the universal corruption of the youth of Italy which set in with 1859. One of them was called to the Servite Order; the other lives in the world, and is a model of unsullied goodness, while he has been abundantly blessed, both in soul and body, as well as in family and fortune.

Before concluding this little paper on devotion to Our Lady, I will mention another proof of her power, and of the benefit derived from her intercession, in the case of a little boy of the name of Mark, at Reggio, in the duchy of Modena.

On the outer wall of the gardens of the Servite convent there was a fresco of the Madonna, painted by Giovanni Bianco, a very pious man, who, like Fra Angelico, never undertook any picture without having previously been to Confession and Holy Communion. The Virgin is represented seated on a stone, with folded hands and eyes fixed on the Divine Infant, who lies with extended arms on a cushion on the bare ground, and above the picture is inscribed the motto, "*Quem genuit adoravit.*" For its better preservation, the sacristan of the Servite church, Father Angelo, had a tabernacle constructed round it, with wooden doors to enclose it at night and in bad weather.

Of the devout, however, who took to frequenting the place, burning candles and singing hymns in honour of the Most Holy Virgin, the greater number were children. This impulse of juvenile piety was noted with

tender admiration by Father Angelo, who, desirous of doing good amongst those little ones, and of imprinting devotion to Mary still more deeply on their young hearts, frequently went out to recite prayers with them, to preach to them, and sing the Litany of Our Lady.

Amongst these childish votaries of Mary was one called "little Mark." Born of poor parents, in the mountains of the Garfagnana, and in addition deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing, he had been compelled to leave his home to seek a living elsewhere. Arriving in Reggio he took service with a butcher, who gave him no wages save a bare crust of bread, and sometimes a few bones to gnaw. Squalid, downcast, and all in rags as he was, poor little Mark was accustomed to frequent that place of devotion, and with all his heart to pray as best he could to Mary. He never failed to assist at the common prayers of the other children particularly when Father Angelo came, but, feeling so dirty and ragged, kept humbly in the background, behind all the rest.

Father Angelo, who had noted the singular piety of this poor deaf-mute, often brought him scraps from the table, and tried as far as he could to make him understand his affection for him. Little Mark was deeply grateful, and his devotion to the image of Our Blessed Lady grew to such a pitch, that he even passed whole nights in prayer before the shrine of the Madonna.

In the year 1596 there was great scarcity of food and the Fathers were even compelled to pawn some of

the church plate, in order to maintain themselves. But as this did not suffice, they were driven to the proposal of selling a portion of their garden, by which their beautiful Madonna would have passed into other hands.

Whilst this melancholy project was under discussion in the Chapter, Father Angelo and his children redoubled the frequency and fervour of their prayers to avert the necessity of its execution; and little Mark began to be still more assiduous in his devotions, under the stimulus of an interior impulse of piety.

During the night preceding the 29th of April of the year above-mentioned, as the poor deaf-mute was kneeling in meditation before the sacred image, he suddenly felt his tongue loosened, and his ears opened; he pronounced aloud and distinctly, "Jesus—Mary"—words which he had never heard or known in his life—and thenceforward spoke and heard like other people.

Ere the day had well broken, he ran to inform Father Angelo of the great miracle, and full of joy and gratitude, praised and thanked Mary, through whose intercession God had conferred so signal a favour on him. Father Angelo took little Mark before the Bishop, and an investigation was set on foot, in which twenty-two witnesses were examined, and the most celebrated physicians and theologians of the town consulted When the inquiry was completed, a statement was drawn up and sent to Rome to be examined by the College of Cardinals, and the Supreme Pontiff Clement VIII. declared that the sacred picture might be lawfully

venerated as miraculous by the faithful. Thence ensued great devotion to it, and as all brought alms and offerings to the monastery, it might be said that if little Mark obtained the gifts of speech and hearing from the bounty of Mary, the Servite Father received, by his means, the necessaries of life. Thus God rewards in an especial manner those who venerate His Holy Mother.

Why in Latin?

By the Rev. GEORGE BAMPFIELD.

I.

"AND you, an Englishman of the nineteenth century, brought up in a Protestant school and in a Protestant University, you boldly say that it is right and well for the Mass to be said in Latin!"

I do. Righter and better, more reasonable, and more Scriptural—yes! you may open your eyes, more Scriptural—than to say it in English.

"Well, If that is not wonderful! Why, I went the other day into your church. There was bending and bowing, and standing and kneeling, boys going here, and boys going there, lighting of candles and swinging of incense, the choir singing and the priest trying to sing, and a thundering big organ drowning everybody in the church with a deluge of sound, but what it was all about I could not for the life of me understand. The choir sang in Latin, and the priest sang in Latin—at least I suppose it was Latin, it certainly was not English—and when he was not singing you could not hear a word he said. Why, he had his back turned to you nearly all

the time, and he spoke quite low to himself, he didn't seem to want anybody to hear; so I came out of the church quite puzzled. I had not said a single prayer, and I had not the slightest idea what it all meant."

I fully understand you, and I thoroughly feel for you. You Protestants, when first you come into our churches, must think us the queerest of creatures. I remember how puzzled I was at the first High Mass I ever saw, a day or two after I became a Catholic. I had never been in a Catholic church before, except to look at the architecture, and I sadly disappointed the good priests of the church, who thought I should be delighted, by telling them honestly that the whole thing was to me a Chinese puzzle, and that I did not enjoy it a bit. I can quite feel for you; it must be very very hard for you. But now tell me this: did you look about you at all at the other people in the church?

"Well, yes; I did: there was nothing much else for me to do."

Well now! The poor Catholics in the church, the old applewoman, and the dirty old beggarman, and the horny-handed labourer, did they seem puzzled like yourself, or did they look as if they were quite at home and knew all about it?

"I must say they looked very attentive, and they seemed really to be saying prayers. There was that funny old Bridget McGrath, I could not help looking at her: she kept lifting her eyes up, and spreading her hands out, and beating her breast, and sometimes groaning a little, and really—though I did feel a trifle inclined to laugh—yet there was that look of awe and devotion about the queer old creature's face, that one could not help seeing that she was in earnest. And most of the people, even the children, seemed, I fancy, to understand."

Was there any part of the service at which they all seemed more devout than at another?

"Well, yes, there was; it was when a bell tinkled two

or three times, and the music stopped, and the choir did not sing, and the priest knelt just for a moment, and the people bowed down their heads, and there was such a strange hush and silence through the church that I felt half frightened, and bowed my own head, I scarcely knew why. Even poor Bridget was quieter than usual, and just whispered under her breath 'Ah! dearest Lord,' I think it was; something of the sort."

Were the children quiet?

"Yes; they were quiet too."

Well; you see; their all showing devotion at one time more than another proves that they all knew something about it. It was not all music and show. They were not staring at the organ and the singers, were they, all the time, or looking at the little boys with candles?

"No: only the Protestants did that."

And were there many poor in the church, or was it only poor Bridget, and a few other old things?

"Oh! it was crammed with poor people."

There it is: poor people would not come Sunday after Sunday to a worship of which they could make neither head nor tail. Somehow or other this Latin, which seems to you so terrible, neither frightens the poor nor puzzles them. Really they seem to like Latin better than English, for when I go sometimes into Protestant churches, where everything is in English, I see what is called a "highly respectable" congregation, but I see no dirt and rags. Now, as a matter of my own taste I don't like dirt and I don't like rags, but I do like to see the dirty and the ragged not afraid to go into the House of God. I think you will grant that our Latin Mass draws the poor more than your English prayers?

"You do get the poor somehow, spite of the Latin."

We do, and that is what I want you to think about. It does not follow because you are puzzled when you come into our churches, that even poor and ill-taught

Catholics are puzzled also. Our poor, though they know not a word of Latin, understand our Latin Mass far better than your poor understand your English prayers. That they love it better is quite clear from our crowded churches and your empty ones. A Latin Mass brings together a reverent crowd of praying poor; English prayers together a comfortable assembly of the well-to-do.

"You are hard upon us: yet there is some truth in what you say. For all that, you have not given us yet any reason for the Mass being in Latin!"

No I have not, that will come bye-and bye. I have merely forced upon you the fact that our poor *do* understand their Mass, so far as outward appearances go. I have shown you that our Catholic poor are not, as a matter of fact, puzzled by the Mass being in Latin, and that, so far as we can judge from their outward conduct, they know what they are about at the Latin Mass. If we are to judge of things by their fruits, the fruit of the Latin Mass is better than the fruit of the English prayers. If this is so, the understanding of the Mass, though it be in Latin, cannot be so terribly hard a thing. and if you are puzzled by it, the fault, I fancy, must be your own. A little trouble would make it as easy to you as to them.

Now, my next step is to show you how this comes about; it is a strange thing that the poor ignorant creatures should not be puzzled by Latin, and proves that there is something underneath, matters into which you have not yet enquired. When you see why the poor are not puzzled you will see also why there would be no earthly use in the Mass being in English. There are two things I have to prove to you: 1. That there is no use of the Mass being in English; 2. That there is much use in its being in Latin. We will take the first point to-day, that there is no earthly reason for the Mass being in English, and that so far as the devotions of the people go, they would be as earnest and warm and devout, if the Mass was said in ancient Arabic or

modern Chinese as if it was said in English. There are other good reasons why Latin should be the tongue, but so far as people's prayers go, it matters not what the tongue is which the priest is using.

"No matter? Why; if our clergyman was to pray in French, and read the Bible in Spanish, and preach in Italian, what would be the good of it all to us?"

What indeed? But then you see your service is not our service; our Mass is a different thing from your Morning and Evening Prayers. If your clergyman read your prayers in Latin it would be very absurd, but when our clergyman reads our Mass in Latin it is not at all absurd.

"Oh! you are always full of your puzzles. What is this mighty difference?"

Don't lose your temper with me; but tell me quietly; at your service, what is it your clergyman and you do?

"He prays, preaches, and reads the Bible, and there are psalms and hymns sung."

Nothing else.

"Nothing, except on Communion Sundays; but most people don't stop to that."

Then supposing it was all in Latin, or supposing you were a Frenchman and did not know one word of English, there would be nothing whatever in which you could join?

"Nothing whatever; there's that poor girl, the French servant at Lord Strange's, who comes without any bonnet on, I believe she's some sort of Protestant; but she does look so puzzled in church: she yawns and fidgets and makes great eyes at the clergyman, and the children declare she reads a French novel half the time."

I don't wonder; but you see our poor people don't yawn and fidget and make great eyes; and I will tell you why. In the first place it sounds a queer question to ask, but I suppose you know the priest preaches not in Latin but in English?

"Does he? You surprise me. I was always told he preached in Latin."

God forgive those who told you! It is strange indeed that such monstrous falsehoods should be spread, even by religious men. What odd consciences they must have! No; our Priest preaches in English, else where would be the good of his preaching? And though for good reasons he reads the Bible in Latin, yet he reads it immediately afterwards to the people in English.

"Read the Bible! The Bible! You!"

Every Sunday, in the English tongue. You've beeu told, of course, that we never read the Bible.

"I have often."

Great is Diana of the Ephesians; magnificent in its way is that unearthly power of lying which the truth-loving English enjoy on all Catholic matters.

"Then if the Priest preaches and reads the Bible in English, why does he pray in Latin? It makes it queerer still."

He is not only praying; he is doing a work which is greater than prayer; and the people join with him not in the words he is saying, but in the work he is doing. He does not want them to join in the words he is saying; he would rather they did not; so little does he want them to join that he says half the prayers, not only in Latin but quite low to himself: let the people use their own words, say their own prayers, point out to God their own wants, for each heart knows its own grief, and no shoulder bears the same cross; let many different prayers therefore arise to Heaven, so long as all join in the one great Act, the grand Work, which gives to all the different prayers their value.

"What is that one great act?"

Sacrifice. Sacrifice is the worship of God. The Jewe of old time had their synagogues—their chapels—all over the Holy Land, and in these synagogues they preached and read the Bible, and prayed. That was

good, but it was not THE worship of God. The worship of God, the true grand worship of God, was in the Temple, where daily, morning and evening, the lamb was offered to God and died—a blameless martyr—to the honour of Him who made it. It was to this worship that three times a year the Jews were ordered, at no little cost and weariness, to travel up. It was the loss of this that made David weep when he was in exile. The synagogue—the bible, the sermon, the prayer,—was not enough: it was for sacrifice, for the worship of God, that he yearned. Now your service is the service of the synagogue, ours is the service of the Temple. The sacrifice of the Temple is greater than the prayers of the synagogue.

"But were there no public prayers at the time of sacrifice?"

If there were, they were not the great thing. What God ordered was the sacrifice; we nowhere read that he ordered any form of prayers, what the people were to do was to be present at the sacrifice; each man said his own prayers; the Pharisee his prayer of unholy thanksgiving; this Publican his prayer of holier repentance; David his bitter prayer of sorrow for his sin, of anxiety for his dying babe, or for his sinning Absolom; Hannah her supplication that she might have a child; Simeon his earnest cries for the coming of his Lord; but all through the same sacrifice, as each man felt his want. It is quite curious to read what careful directions God gives to Moses for altar, and vestment, and incense, and candlestick, and every act and movement of the Priest; but of any form of public prayer no mention whatever. For sin even of ignorance, in thanksgiving for mercies, to ask for future blessings, to turn away dangers, or as an act of simple worship of the Great God, for all these things is ordered Sacrifice, for none of these things a a form of prayer. And the duties of the people were two: 1. To be present in the Temple while the priest sacrificed; 2. To feed upon certain parts of the victim. They joined with the priest in his Act, his great Work,

of sacrificing; they joined with the priest in his feast, in feeding upon the victim; they did not join with the priest in any public prayer or in any words said. Sometimes they could not see what he was doing, much less hear anything he said; yet they knew what he was doing, and joined in it. When the High Priest went once a year on the day of Atonement into the Holy of Holies bearing the blood of the sacrifice, he went alone, and the people were without, not even seeing his action, certainly not joining in any words, but knowing what his action was, and knowing that it was being done, and joining in it, each offering the victim's blood with the priest, each with his own prayers, each for his own needs. When Zacharias, S. Luke tells us, went into the Temple of the Lord to offer incense, "all the multitude of the people were praying without," at the hour of incense; not seeing his action, but joining in it, doing it with him, offering with him the incense to God, each with his own prayers, each for his own wants.

Clearly therefore, whatever prayers the High Priest might say in the Holy of Holies, or Zachary at the altar of incense, it could not matter to the people in what language he said them. In the synagogue it would matter, because in the synagogue there was no sacrifice, nothing being done but prayer, and therefore, if the prayers were in a foreign tongue, there would be nothing whatever in which the people could join. But in the Temple it would not matter. The people joined in the Act of the priest, not in any words of his; and therefore, if he spoke in the ancient Hebrew, as not impossibly he did, at a time when the people only understood Syriac, they would equally be able to join in all that they joined in before. The tongue would not be understood by the people, the Act would be understood by the people. In the synagogue, the prayers, bible, preaching, in Syriac; in the Temple, at the sacrifice, any tongue under the sun might be used for anything it would matter to the people.

So it is still with the Mass. Mass is the everlasting offering of the true Lamb of God. It is the highest

action that is done on earth. Our Blessed Lord, when He was going to Heaven to present to His Father His five wounds there, took thought for His Father's worship on earth, and left Himself on earth as the only worship that was worthy of his Father. And the unceasing offering of the Lamb that was slain, not indeed the slaying It, for It died but once, but the one unceasing offering It, is the great work of Mass. Mark you, I am not now proving to you the truth of our doctrine about Mass; that would take me too long; what I am now doing is showing you, that with our doctrine and our worship the use of Latin is reasonable and useful, and better than the use of English. We will suppose that it is true that the Catholic priest is not only as much a priest as the son of Aaron, but an infinitely greater priest; we will suppose it true that the lamb on the Catholic altar is a sacrifice infinitely higher and greater than the lamb in the Jewish Temple; and then I say the same rule holds good for the Catholic as held good for the Jew: let each man join the great act, offer the same Sacrifice, put up to God the same Five Wounds, the same crucified Body of God, the same saving Blood, but let each man offer It up in his own prayers, and for his own wants, for each man's need is different, and no one carries the same cross.

Think for one moment of the great worship of God that was done on Calvary. The greatest act of worship ever done was done there by the greatest Priest, the only Priest; but it was done in silence. Mary, S. John, and the Magdalen were beneath, and knew what the great act was, and as Abraham offered Isaac, so Mary, herself martyred, joined in the sacrifice of her Son; but seven times only amidst the thick darkness rang out the voice of the High Priest, nor always then in prayer. Not all three of those who stood beneath prayed surely the same prayer; one was the prayer of the Magdalen who saw there before her eyes the terrible work of her own sins, who crouched at her Lord's feet that those scarlet sins of hers might, as the blood dropped down, become white as wool; and another was the prayer of

him, the innocent one, the virgin friend of the virgin heart, who had entered by right of his innocence into all its tenderness, and understood the depths of its love; and another still the mother's prayer, who drew from that slow dripping blood a higher grander salvation than we all, who, saved more than we, had a work to do more than we, and a right to stand there offering the Son who saved her, the blood which she had given Him, for us, who were not yet saved, who were not yet one with Him. Each his own prayer, each his own thoughts, as they stood beneath the Cross, but all joined in the one Sacrifice, and to all their prayers and thoughts that one great Act gave their value.

So is it still. It matters not what the language be which the priest may use at the Catholic altar; what the people join in is the great act of worship, not any form of prayer: as the Jew in God's Temple at Jerusalem, as Mary and John and the Magdalen at the foot of the Lamb, bleeding His life, in that act of awful, hushed, worship, so silently away.

II.

"YOU still have to show me, why, if it matters not much as regards the people what the language is, Latin should be the tongue actually used. You have not answered that question yet."

No, I have not. I have put and answered a question that must go before it: Why need not the Mass be in English?

"Because the Mass is a Sacrifice, you say."

Yes. Prayer is something said to God: Sacrifice is something done to God. In prayer the words are ALL; in sacrifice the thing done is first, the words said are second. Sacrifice is a gift given; in a gift the grand thing is the act of giving, not the speaking of any particular word. When a multitude of people join in bringing a gift to God, each man of the multitude may have a different reason for bringing the gift. One may be in trouble and bring the gift to get out of his trouble; his neighbour may be in joy and bring the gift to thank God for his joy; a third in temptation, a fourth in sin, —all four bring the same gift, though for different reasons. The important point is that they should all join in offering the one gift, which gift is Jesus Christ: not that they should all join in the same words; joyful words could not express the sad man's sorrow, and sad words could not tell to God the happy man's joy; but both joyful and sorrowful tell their joy and their sorrow to God by the same gift, by the offering of the same Jesus Christ. The one thing required then is that all men should join in the act of Sacrifice; but a form of prayer—prayer in the vulgar tongue which would force itself upon the ear—would be in the way at the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is not the idea or wish of the Church, that her priest should pray aloud, and be heard, and take the people with him; she leaves the people each

man to his own freedom of prayer. Mass is a time of silent prayers, all put up through the one great Sacrifice. Sacrifice, and prayer without sacrifice, are in the Church's eyes different things. When in the Catholic Church we have what you would call public prayer or common prayer, then our prayers are in English. The evening service in most, or very many, Catholic churches is in English.

"You have prayers in English!"

Certainly: both more prayers and more beautiful prayers than any in your Common Prayer Book. There is no end to the variety of Catholic devotions. All the good parts of your Common Prayer Book are sparkles of devotion that you have stolen—and, between you and me, spoiled in the stealing—from Catholic sources. You have no devotion to our dearest Lord half so tender as our Litany of Jesus. You have no prayers about the Passion half so touching as our "Stations of the Cross." The best even of your hymns are ours. From S. Bernard down to Father Faber you take of our treasures and use them, and turn round upon us and tell us we do not pray. We have plenty of English prayers, plenty of English hymns, and give them to the people at our evening service. But at the Holy Sacrifice we choose to leave the people at liberty. We think, as many Protestants think, that one common form of prayer can never express the devotion of all hearts: Protestants feel this and try to escape the difficulty by extempore prayer: the Catholic Church knew it long before, and while she bids the people ever do the same act, offer the same Sacrifice, pray through the same wounded Lord, she leaves them to put up each his own extempore prayer; one day the prayer of sorrow, one day the thanksgiving of joy, and a third the agonized cry of the tempted and failing. The sacrifice must be the same for all, the prayer may be different for each.

I am dwelling on this and doing little more than repeating over again what I have already said, because it seems to me so hard for you to understand the differ-

ence between our Sacrifice and your Common Prayer. English people have quite lost the notion of sacrifice. Among the peoples of the earth, from the Creation until now, the English stand almost alone in this. They cannot understand, therefore, praying at a sacrifice, and their notion of our Mass is a set of Latin prayers, in which the people are positively idle, doing nothing, saying nothing, because they understand nothing. Whereas in fact the people are hard at work the whole time, joining with the priest in his great act, and praying, not indeed the same prayers as he, but each his own prayer, the whole time, as you can see for yourself if you will but enter a Catholic church and watch them.

There is another difference between our Mass and your public prayers, a difference which makes it not untrue for me to say—though it would startle you I know—that the Latin of the Mass is really a tongue "understanded by the people."

"Latin understood by the people? You do startle me indeed!"

I did not say Latin, but the Latin of the Mass. The difference is this. The larger part of your service is every day different; there are two or three different Psalms and two different chapters of the Bible at each service, and Psalms and Scripture-reading make the largest part of your Common Prayer. People, therefore, rich or poor, can hardly get to know it by heart. But it is not so with our Mass; the larger part of our Mass like your Communion Service is every day the same. Day by day the same service—nay! I know what you are going to say, we do not tire of it, there is no shadow of fear that we should weary of it—day by day the same service, a short service too, is gone through. For those who read there are translations of the Mass into English in their sixpenny prayer-books side by side with the Latin; and the dullest and poorest can pray by themselves in English, if they please, the same prayers which the priest is praying by himself in Latin. Nay! with a very little help they understand the Latin of the Mass

almost as well as the priest himself. I am sure the boys of my parish school do. Just look at that little fellow kneeling on the altar steps while the priest is saying Mass. He is answering the priest at times, as the clerks answer—if Ritualism has left any clerks—in the Protestant church; and he is answering him in Latin. He is but ten years old, and the son of a day-labourer, but I will dare to say that he not only knows what he is about, but knows the meaning of the Latin too. He has been saying it off and on these two years, and it would be odd if he did not. Just wait awhile: there will be High Mass directly, and the boys will be singing, some twenty of them, and men joining in. They are singing Latin: they have been singing the same words to that grand Catholic music—the boys these five years, and the men, some of them, these twenty years. Not know the meaning of them because they are in Latin! I do not advise you to say that to the hot-tempered Irishman, with the brawny chest and the big fist, in the front of the choir. I fancy that he might be indignant. In truth, though it may not seem so to you, it is scarcely possible that, after a short time, the Latin of the Mass should not be as familiar to a Catholic as his own tongue. More so, indeed, than the language of your Prayer Book and your Bible. Between you and me I question whether much of your Prayer Book is more "understood by the people" than Hebrew: but of that more bye-and-bye.

"You said just now that the Mass, though always the same, does not weary. I should have thought it would."

No: I believe this to be, not only from the awfulness of the sacrifice, but from that very freedom of prayer of which I have spoken. Some Protestants love a form of prayer, and feel their devotion aroused and guided by that which is old and familiar: others feel that to pray according to a form is to pray in chains and to imprison their devotion. Both feelings are, no doubt, true instincts of our nature, and both are satisfied by God's

true worship of the Mass, as true instincts of the nature God has made must be satisfied by God's religion. The same unchanging sacrifice is the cause and the guide of our devotion; our liberty to pray during the sacrifice as we will, takes all chains from our devotions and makes the same worship ever new.

"Still you have not told me why the Mass should be in Latin."

No, we have only been carting away rubbish, before beginning to build. We have settled that no possible harm can be done to the people by the Mass being in Latin. For they can join the great act each with his own prayers, they can use the priest's prayers in English, or they can even come to understand that much of Latin by constant use.

And having settled that there is *no harm done* by the Mass being in Latin, if there is any good in its being in Latin, let us by all means have that good.

"But is there any good?"

Very decidedly yes. In the first place, it is a proverbial saying of which you will not doubt the truth, because it is in the Gospels, that we must not cast pearls before swine. The things of God are in a world which is careless and irreverent. Even in the College of Apostles there was a Judas, before whom our loving Lord had bountifully thrown the pearls of His teaching, and who turned again and rent his Master. So in every congregation that kneels in a Catholic church, here and there must be a Judas—one or two who will betray, and one or two who will deny. Besides these there is the multitude without, who knows not our Lord—the multitude that throngs and jostles, and knows not whom it is so rudely pressing.

Now the Mass is the Church's pearl of great price. You do not understand that! No, you cannot till you become a Catholic. But the Mass is our pearl of great price. It is the life of the Catholic Church; the one thing for which it lives; nay, the one thing BY which it

lives—its food, its daily bread. Now, we give this food, this manna, to those who know it; from those who know it not we hide and protect it. Who cares to bare the secrets of a loving heart to a scoffing stranger? So we care not to put our holiest things in plain English before the common scoffer. He who comes to learn will learn easily and surely: he who comes to scoff will turn away baffled; there will be no holy words for him to carry away as a jest for his fellow-laugher. Look you how it is with the Scriptures that you have made so common, that hang upon the station walls, and lie side by side in the tap-room with the daily prints. Look you how Scripture words and sacred sayings of our dearest Lord, are flung from the mouths of infidels to point a jest, and scribbled in newspaper articles that they may spice a sentence. Truly the everyday mouthing of Scripture, and the way in which Scripture is made a jest-book, are a proof of what becomes of throwing God's pearls before the graceless.

Therefore now see the first use of our Latin. It does not hide our Mass for one instant from the believing; it does not puzzle our own people one whit; but it screens our holiest things from the rude gaze of the infidel and the irreverent. The world cannot get easily into our secrets; cannot make a household jest of our pearl; and because it cannot, the good world is wrath, and cries out, "English prayers for English people!" Yes, that English scoffers may make a mock! Here, then, you have one good. Were our Mass in English, the scoffer would scoff easily: it is in Latin, and he is baffled. This is better for him, who would sin; and for us, who would be troubled; and for God, Who would be insulted.

III.

"LATIN better than English for the Mass! You are getting on. You said at first there was no harm done by its being in Latin or any other language not known to the people—now you say 'better!'"

Better, most certainly; mark you for the Mass firstly, and for all the devotions of the Church, the devotions which She would have used by all nations alike everywhere. Each nation, or part of a nation for that matter, can have and has its own prayer books, its own hymns and the rest, in its own tongue:—English prayer-books, Welsh prayer-books, prayer-books in the native Irish, and so on the world through, prayer-books in county dialects if you like—but the Church's devotions are for all nations alike everywhere, but for them the one tongue.

"But Latin is a dead language!"

Exactly; that's just why it is better. Mostly living things are better than the dead. But a dead lauguage is not as other dead things. If it rotted and fell to pieces like other dead, then indeed would it be worse than living tongues. But when its meaning, which is its life, its soul, is fully known, when it has within it authors who cannot die, when anyone who studies it, whatever be his nation, can make it live again, use it for speech and for writing, then it is a dead language indeed in one sense, since no whole nation speaks it, but a living language in another sense, most living of all languages, because the best-taught in every nation, making a sort of nation among themselves, can use it, and do use it, a world-wide speech to make their thoughts known to each other. To speak or write in French is to speak and write for France, to write in

English is to write for the English-speaking races, to write in Latin is to write for the world.

"And this is why Latin is best?"

Part of my reason only. The Church is Catholic, world-wide, and it is clearly good for a world-wide church to have a world-wide language. So men, gathered as on the day of Pentecost from all nations under heaven, in one Monastery, or in one church, can not only be present at the same sacrifice because it is an act in which they all join, but can join in the same Psalms and the same prayers, in the very same tongue to which they were used each in his own land. The sailor who has heard Mass in Latin at a village church in Devonshire goes off all round the world, and wherever he puts in he hears the same Mass, takes part in the same act, in the same tongue which he used himself when he served at Mass before he left home, and he can answer the priest, though he were a native of Japan or China or Central Africa, as readily as he answered Father O'Brien on the coast of Devon. Clearly this is good both for layman and priest. The Jesuit, or other priest, who is ordered off at a moment's notice to Timbuctoo, would say his Mass just as quietly when he got there as he had done at Farm Street: but it would sadly puzzle your Church of England clergyman if he had to read prayers at a moment's notice to a congregation of Laplanders in their native tongue.

"Then is this your chief reason?"

No. A dead language can be made, without waking the jealousy of any living nation, a language for all men: but its deadness gives us—in religious matters—a greater good still.

"Greater?"

Far greater: you will grant me, I think, that the first duty of the Society which our Lord founded must be to keep the Truth which our Lord taught: exactly the same Truth. Christianity changed is not Christianity; Christianity added to, or Christianity taken from, is not

the Christianity of Christ. The care of the truth is the great and first duty of the Society of Christ. She would be a false bride to Him if she taught what He did not teach. This is so?

"You put it strongly; but—— yes, you must be right."

Well, then, the Church must guard against anything which might in any way change that truth, or bring wrong notions about it into people's minds.

"Granted: but what has that to do with Latin?"

This to do with it:—a dead language is better for this end than a living one.

"Why so?"

Because the meaning of its words is fixed and cannot alter. Latin, as I said, is dead in one way, but not in another. A dead language is somewhat like those dead bodies of some Saints, which still do not corrupt and still the limbs can be bent and moved by others. It is death, but a death which lets you see the exact figure and form of the Saint in life, and the look upon her face —a form and a face and an expression in that face which does not change. As her companions saw her three centuries or more ago, so we see her still. Limb will not grow nor change, and we know that our notion of her is what theirs was so long ago.

"How do you apply this to Latin?"

The meaning of the words cannot change. What Cicero meant when first he spoke the words in the parliament of Rome—what SS. Jerome and Augustine meant, and the writers who went before, and came after, that same is meant to-day and will be meant when the world ends. And what an Englishman means by the Latin word, that the Frenchman means, and that same the Italian and the Austrian and the Hindoo student in our colleges and the Japanese who is studying Latin.

"I think I see: but with living languages——"

It is not the same. It is hard to find in some tongues even a word that should express aright the Christian

thought of God. It is impossible as we know, to turn some French words into English, so we take the word bodily and make it our own. To translate from one tongue to another is the most difficult of tasks. The truth then, if it was left to be tossed about by a variety of tongues, would be in danger of taking a variety of meanings; and the One Truth of the Church of Christ would take different colours and shapes. Nor is this the only danger; there would be a like difficulty in each of all the countless tongues in the world. For a living tongue, like a living body, grows and changes. They tell us our living body changes once in seven years. Our dead Saint neither changes nor corrupts. As with the body so with the living language. It changes. Have you ever tried to read Chaucer? You will find it hard without notes. There are words which have dropped out of use, and words which have changed their sense, or which are getting new senses besides their old ones. So a word which was a true word for a doctrine two centuries ago might be a very bad one now, and give us a thought almost the opposite of truth.

"Give me an instance or two."

Well, this may do. You object to Catholics worshipping our Lady?

"Yes, certainly. They must not treat her as God!"

Of course they must not, and they don't. The word "worship" never meant in old times to treat as God. It mostly is taken to mean that now, though even now it is used sometimes in the old sense. When a Magistrate is addressed as "your Worship," no divine honour is certainly intended. When a bridegroom says to his bride "with my body I thee worship," he is far from saying, unless in the language of love, that the lady is more than human flesh and blood. And yet, so much has the meaning of the word changed, that you can accuse us to-day of idolatry because we may still use the word "worship" of honour shown to our Lady.

Now this change is going on, not in English only but

in the countless languages of the world. Think what danger there might be of changing that truth which which cannot be changed if the doctrines and devotions of the world's Church were left to be expressed by the changing words of countless tongues.

By the use of Latin these doctrines and devotions are embalmed in one unchanging tongue—as unchangeable as the doctrine. And hence no wrong idea can be brought by the growth of the language into the first Christianity: and in this we have another reason why Latin is best.

IV.

A DEAD tongue then is better than a living one—vastly better than a variety of living ones—for a world-wide Church meant equally for all nations:

Because in all nations equally it helps to guard holy things and holy truths from careless using:—

Because it gives a world-language — an universal language—a language such as commerce has tried to make for itself in "Volapuk"—for all the teachers, in every nation, of the truths most important to man, and for all worshippers in the one grand act of worship:—

Because, if any living tongue were so used to join man, the Church would seem to favour one race above the rest, and jealousy would spring up:—

Because, above all, truths are preserved unchanging in an unchanging tongue:—you have seen flies in amber?

"Yes."

You can see them quite clearly, and the most delicate little bit of them is there quite perfect, and quite perfect it will remain—no change, no corruption. In a living stream, a stream that was still flowing on, larger things than flies would be in danger of destruction or of change; but the amber has ceased to flow, and the smallest atom of the fly's wing shall be as now till the world's end: and so it is with truth, and with a worship, which is embalmed in an unchanging tongue. Its meaning can in no way alter nor be corrupted. The very same words, with the very same sense, were used in Rome and all the Roman Empire over for the very same truths well nigh two thousand years ago, and shall be used until the death of the great world at the last day.

"But Latin is not the only dead tongue."

There may be many dead tongues for aught I know, tongues of races which themselves are dead or nearly so, of races that never were in any way world-wide: but there are three world-wide dead tongues, three living-dead tongues, three amber tongues preserving truths.

"They are?"

The Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin; the three in which the inscription was written above the thorn-crowned Head,—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Those were the languages chosen to tell the great truth to the whole world; if anything could make tongues sacred it would be this: Apostolic languages, witnessing to the truth, and—you will think me fanciful, but if fancy can make truth plain, it is well to use it—dying there upon the Cross with a death like the death of the Lord to whom they witnessed: a death that yet was to live on, proclaiming truth for ever.

"Were all three languages living then?"

The Hebrew was already dead, used only in the services of the Church, just as Latin is now; the old Scriptures preserved in it so as not to change; read in the Synagogue and then explained in the living tongue, just as with the Latin now; our Lord Himself and His mother using a dead language for their worship. So with the Hebrew: but the Greek and Latin were yet living—living with a strong life unlikely to die, yet both now by God's Providence dead: the New Testament, and the Old, "ambered,"—to coin a word—in an unchanging dead tongue.

It is God's own hand which has slain those tongues and left His divine truths guarded within them. And now at last I can give full answer to your question "Why in Latin?" Because Latin is the tongue given to the Church by God Himself. Of all the great empires that conquered nations, joined many in a natural oneness, Rome, as you know, was by very far the widest: and the tongue of the Roman was Latin. There were no nations then, as there are to-day: there was one world, clamped together by the iron arms of Force, and one capital city of that world—Rome: and the nations, as we know them now, were split up into tribes—each petty, and each at war with all the rest. And Rome had the great work to do, of giving law and knowledge and manners and all that is meant by civilization to these wild tribes, and had to take their rude imperfect tongues and fashion each into a language. And so, when the Roman Empire died leaving many peoples, its living world-wide language died also, leaving many children, so that to-day every tongue of every European nation is formed largely out of Latin. Of the three dead tongues, therefore, Latin is the easiest and nearest to us—our mother tongue out of which has sprung hosts of our own living words.

Thus then each nation learned to speak its own Latin-born tongue: but the Church, which is for all nations and for all times, kept, as the Jews kept their

dead Hebrew, so she her dead Latin, the safest to preserve unchanged the truth already preached and written in it, and yet the while easiest for her many peoples to understand. How could she cast away the one tongue through which she had converted her peoples; the tongue in which their laws were written; the tongue in which their learning was preserved; the tongue above all in which undying truth had been taught by her Saints, and a never-ceasing worship had for centuries gone up to God.

And this is "Why in Latin?" Because Latin was the language of Europe, and because Europe has spread itself the world over, and while, as we have said, a dead language is, for many reasons, the best tongue to use for world-wide and time-long truths, Latin is the best of the world-wide speeches that have died.

So now you will be content to take the little trouble needed that you may learn Latin enough to join in the Mass, and now and then in Vespers, and you will be content to think that the Church has done wisely to keep her worship in the old undying tongue by which the happy miracle of Whitsunday, undoing the curse of Babel, is in some sense continued.

Go, become a Catholic, and learn, like yonder little lad of ten, to serve Mass in the dear old tongue which was writ for the world to read above the Cross.

THE ART OF LYING

AS PRACTISED BY SOME WRITERS OF ANTI-CATHOLIC TRACTS.

BY THE REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

MYRIADS of Anti-Catholic tracts are being continually spread over England, Scotland, and Ireland. Catholics have no desire to rival this stupendous propagandism, as against Protestants, except by way of self-defence, or rather of defence of Truth; and they are utterly without means of effecting, on a similar scale, any distribution of Catholic leaflets. It may, however, serve a good purpose with some candid readers, into whose hands this paper may chance to fall by God's Providence, to expose, by one fair specimen, the unworthy methods used by those who concoct these hateful calumnies.

The following Protestant tract has been pointed out to me as singularly *moderate*, because it contains not one word of commentary except the question with which it begins, and as strikingly *powerful*, by the palpable and gross contradictions which the words of a canonized saint and doctor of the Church of Rome—St. Alphonsus de Liguori, the author of *The Glories of Mary*—present to the words of that Bible which *even* the Church of Rome holds to be inspired.

I may take this tract, then, as a fair specimen of others, and I propose to examine the art or cunning with which it, and others like it, are prepared.

I begin by printing the tract in full, not omitting or changing a word, nor adding anything except the numerals distinguishing the various paragraphs, which will serve for reference. Let the reader peruse it all carefully.

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO ALL SINCERE ROMAN-CATHOLICS.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

THE CHURCH OF ROME, *or* THE WORD OF GOD.

The Extracts from the "Glories of Mary" are taken from the Edition HEARTILY COMMENDED BY CARDINAL MANNING. London: Burns, Oates, and Co. Dublin: Duffy.

The Scriptural quotations are taken from the Roman-catholic Version.

I.

Thine, O Mary.

"JESUS, Mary, and Joseph, I offer you my heart and my soul."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul unto you in peace."—300 days' Indulgence, by Decree of Pius VIII., April 28, 1807.

"Accept me, O Mary, for thine own, and as thine take charge of my salvation. I will no longer be mine, to thee do I give myself. . . . I will be one of thy most loving and faithful servants."—Glories of Mary, page 21.

"To thee do I this day consecrate my whole soul."—p. 116.

Thine, O Lord.

"THOU shalt adore the LORD THY GOD, and him only shalt thou serve."—St. Luke iv. 8.

"My son, give me thy heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

"And they stoned STEPHEN, invoking, and saying: "LORD JESUS, receive my spirit."—Acts vii. 58.

"You are not your own for you are bought with a great price. Glorify and bear GOD in your body."—1 Cor. vi. 20.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercy of GOD, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service."—Romans xii. 1.

II.

Mary our Hope.

"Thou (Mary) art the only hope of sinners."—Breviary; Office for Sept. 9.

"Modern heretics cannot endure that we should salute and call Mary our Hope—'Hail our Hope!' They say that God alone is our Hope, and that He curses those who put their trust in creatures. This is what the heretics say; but, in spite of it, the Holy Church obliges all ecclesiastics and religious each day to invoke and call Mary by the sweet name of our Hope—The Hope of all."—Glories of Mary," page 83.

"Thou art my only Hope, thou alone canst help me."—p. 20.

"Who place all our hope in thee."—page 157.

Jesus our Hope.

"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord."—Jer. xvii. 5.

"Blessed be the man that trusteth in the Lord, and the Lord shall be his confidence."—Jer. xvii. 7.

"O Lord, the Hope of Israel! all that forsake thee shall be confounded."—Jer. xvii. 13.

"Christ Jesus our Hope."—1 Tim. i. 1.

"Christ in you the Hope of glory."—Col. i. 27.

"And now what is my Hope? Is it not the Lord!"—Psalm xxxviii. 8.

"And the Lord shall be the Hope of His people."—Joel iii. 16.

III.

Mary our Advocate.

"Oh! Lady in heaven, we have but one Advocate, and that is thyself."—Glories of Mary, page 168.

"If my Redeemer rejects me on account of my sins, and drives me from His sacred feet, I will cast myself at those of His beloved mother—till she has obtained my forgiveness."—p. 90.

"Our most loving Advocate"—"Sweet Advocate"—"Great Advocate."—pp. 166, 67, 69.

"My Queen, be my advocate with thy Son, whom I dare not approach."—Glories of Mary, p. 115.

Jesus our Advocate.

"If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, JESUS CHRIST, the Just."—1 John ii. 1.

"For there is one God, and one mediator of God and men, the man CHRIST JESUS."—1 Tim. ii. 5.

JESUS said, "Him that cometh to me I will not cast out."—John vi. 37.

"He is able also to save for ever them that come to God BY HIM, always living to make intercession for us."—Hebrews vii. 25.

IV.

Mary our Salvation.

"Both the Son and the Mother effected human Redemption, and obtained salvation for man."—Glories of Mary, page 366.

Jesus our Salvation.

"I am, I am the Lord: and there is no Saviour besides me."—Isa. xliii. 11.

"O Immaculate Virgin, prevent thy beloved Son, who is irritated by our sins, from abandoning us to the power of the Devil."

"Through thee we have been reconciled to God"—"Thou art the salvation of the whole world."—Glories of Mary, pages 248, 249.

"We often obtain more promptly what we ask by calling on the name of Mary, than by invoking that of Jesus."—Glories of Mary, p. 112.

"Jesus himself said, Were it not for the prayers of my Mother there would be no hope of mercy."—page 479.

"MARY SO LOVED THE WORLD, AS TO GIVE HER ONLY BEGOTTEN SON."—Glories of Mary, page 478.

"He hath said, I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5.

"Nor is there salvation in any other; for there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

"All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Christ."—2 Cor. v. 18.

"Amen, amen, I say to you: If you ask the Father any thing in my (JESUS) name, he will give it you."—John xvi. 23.

"For GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, AS TO GIVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON; that whosoever believeth in him may not perish, but may have life everlasting."—John iii. 16.

V.

Adore and serve Mary.

"I adore thee, O great Queen."—page 241.

"O most pure Virgin Mary, I worship thy most holy heart."—page 104.

"O great, exalted, and most glorious Lady, prostrate at the foot of thy throne we adore thee from this valley of tears; make us thy faithful servants on earth."—page 401.

"Let us then endeavour to venerate this Divine Mother with the whole affection of our hearts."—page 149.

"Receive me into the number of thy servants, to be thy child and servant for ever."

"I dedicate myself, with all who belong to me, for ever to thy service."

"O Mary, I give myself to

Adore and serve the Lord.

"The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt thou serve."—Matt. iv. 10.

"All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord. And all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight. For the kingdom is the LORD'S, and HE shall have dominion over the nations."—Psalm xxi. 28, 29.

"Bring to the Lord glory and honour; bring to the Lord glory to his name; adore ye the Lord in his holy court."—Ps. xxviii. 2.

"He is the Lord thy God, and him they shall adore."—Psalm xliv. 12.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercy of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing

thee without reserve; do thou accept and preserve me."—pages 662–4.

"Blessed are the hours in which I served Mary."—p. 566.

"Those who do not serve Mary will not be saved."—page 215.

"This Mary herself confirms in the book of Proverbs: 'By me kings reign.'"—page 214.

"MARY COMMANDS IN HEAVEN."—page 569.

"Thou, O Mother of God, art omnipotent to save sinners."—page 623.

"Let us love her as did those who even cut the beloved name of Mary on their breasts with sharp instruments."—page 40.

unto God, your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

"TO HIM that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honour, and glory, and power, for ever and ever."—Apocalypse v. 13.

"BY ME, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—St. John x. 9.

"And JESUS, coming, spake to them, saying: ALL POWER IS GIVEN TO ME IN HEAVEN and in earth."—St. Matt. xxviii. 18.

"See thou do it not. . . . Adore God."—Apoc. xix. 10.

"See thou do it not. . . . Adore God."—Apoc. xxii. 9.

VI.

Mary, Mother of Mercy.

"The Eternal Father gave the office of Judge and Avenger to the Son, and that of shewing mercy, and relieving the necessitous, to the Mother."—page 14.

"If God is angry with a sinner, and Mary takes him under her protection, she withholds the avenging arm of her Son, and saves him."—page 98.

"O happy Mary, thou art the Mother of the criminal, and the Mother of the Judge (God), and being the Mother of both, they are thy children, and thou canst not endure discords among them."—page 47.

"Behold the power of the Virgin Mother; she wounded and took captive the heart of God."—page 476.

God, the Father of Mercies.

"God sent not his Son into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by him."—St. John iii. 17.

"The Father hath sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—1 John iv. 14.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix. 10.

"And stretching forth his hand towards his disciples, he said: Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother."—St. Matthew xii. 49, 50.

"Amen, amen, I say unto you, that he who heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath life everlasting; and cometh not into judgment, but is passed from death to life."—St. John v. 24.

Printed for the Society for Irish Church Missions, 12, D'Olier-street, Dublin, and 11, Buckingham-street, Strand, London.

I do not deny that these couplings or juxtapositions are sometimes specious. But juxtaposition is often a trick, and a very wicked and malicious trick. Lady Macbeth, by daubing with blood the faces and daggers of the grooms who slept near the bed of King Duncan, thought to throw on them the suspicion of having murdered their master. Yet they were entirely innocent. We shall examine, by and by, whether the author of the above tract has not daubed the words of St. Alphonsus with false meanings, to make them look like assassins of Divine Truth. Before doing this I would recall a quality of those inspired writings which we call the Bible. They are not written like a legal document, full of qualifying clauses, guarding against misunderstanding. On the contrary they abound in apparent discrepancies and contradictions, both of doctrine, morality, and historical narrative, which require the most candid and careful adjustment, and attention to language, scope, context, and circumstances, to vindicate their accuracy and unity. This careful labour of investigation and vindication has been of the utmost profit to the advance of spiritual knowledge, by causing the Truth to be scrutinized and looked at from every side. Yet these seeming contradictions give a great facility to the ignorant and the malicious to pervert Scripture from its true meaning: "the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." All this is acknowledged by Catholics and Protestants alike. It follows, then, that mere juxtaposition of words of Holy Scripture, either with one another, or with the words of uninspired men, may easily be fallacious. An indictment in law often seems not only plausible but invincible till the other side is heard.

To make my meaning plainer, let me draw up a short table of apparent discrepancies such as every reader of the Gospels must deal with. I do not say they are insoluble, nor even very difficult of solution; I only say that the following passages or texts are at first glance quite as much at variance with one another as the words of Holy Scripture and of St. Alphonsus that are marshalled in the Protestant tract.[1]

[1] As the tract-writer quotes from the Douay Version, I will quote throughout this paper from the Protestant Authorized Version.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace" (Luke ii 14).

"The Son of man is come to save that which was lost" (Matt. xviii. 11).

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light" (Matt. x. 27).

"Pray for them which persecute you, that you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good" (Matt. v. 44).

"Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Matt. vii. 1).

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and pray to thy Father which is in secret" (Matt. vi. 6).

"When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking" (Matt. vi. 7).

"Whosoever shall say: 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell-fire" (Matt. v. 22).

"Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, nay; but rather division" (Luke xii. 51).

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" (Matt. xi. 21).

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine" (Matt. vii. 6).

"Whosoever shall not receive you, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet" (Matt. x. 14).

"By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. vii. 20).

Jesus prays aloud (John xi., xvii.).

"Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him?" (Luke xviii. 7).

"Woe unto you, hypocrites . . . ye fools and blind" (Matt. xxiii. 15, 17).

The Protestant reader may exclaim impatiently, "Oh! but it is quite easy to reconcile such sayings." So it is, dear reader, if you assume that there can be no contradiction in our Lord's words. Or, even were you only a seeker after truth, and were moderately candid, although not able as yet to accept Jesus Christ as a Divine Teacher, you might easily find or admit explanations. Well, you are not asked to believe that there can be no contradiction between St. Alphonsus and the Bible. But I ask you, as a candid inquirer, to suspend your judgment, and not to assume that a great and accepted teacher of Catholics flagrantly contradicts the inspired books in which he gloried, simply because an enemy has picked from one of his books words which have a sinister meaning insinuated into them.

When St. Alphonsus was still alive, some adverse theologians of Jansenistical and courtly schools were trying to get his *Moral Theology* prohibited by detaching

from their context certain propositions. In a letter dated 1772, the Saint observes that (1) in the whole of theology there is no proposition so exact that malice cannot turn to some bad meaning; (2) that many things, in order to be understood, must be brought into comparison with other things contained in the same book; (3) that expressions must be understood in conformity with the point treated of.[1] Indeed, were it not for this last rule, which of our English poets might not be convicted of idolatry, if his rapturous words about female beauty and love were torn from their context and arranged in rows, with texts of Scripture set off against them?

Let us now look more closely at the indictment. I will take it section by section.

SECTION I. is headed, "Thine, O Mary," "Thine, O Lord." But why is there any necessary opposition here? Surely our Lady is not the devil, the declared adversary of God. To profess allegiance to Jesus Christ, candidates for baptism in the Catholic Church renounce Satan and all his works and all his pomps. Do Protestants wish us to renounce Mary and all her works? This author considers that the words "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I offer you my heart and my soul," are in direct opposition to the precept, "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." But why? Did not Jacob love Rachel most tenderly (Gen. xxix. 20) and yet love God supremely? Did he not serve Laban "with all his power" (Gen. xxxi. 6) and yet serve God only? Even young children know that the word *only* is meant to exclude, not the love of parents or of neighbours, but whatever is opposed to God. Why, then, are Mary and Joseph to have *no* place in our hearts because Jesus has the supreme place? Let us take another illustration. St. Paul wrote to Philemon that his slave Onesimus had run away from him, but that, in the providence of God, this was "perhaps that thou shouldest receive him for ever" (ver. 15). A Jewish tract-writer might have set against these words that only God can receive a soul for ever. Then St. Paul goes on to remind Philemon that he owed him his own self

[1] *Special Correspondence*, ii. 56 (Letter 262), American translation.

(ver. 19). A nice blasphemy, Paul's adversary might have said, for who does not know that we owe ourselves to God only? "Mine," writes Paul; "Thine, O Lord," he should have said. The same St. Paul wrote to the Galatians: "I bear you record that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me" (Gal. iv. 15), and he complains of their change of disposition. A captious tract-writer might have told him that he was usurping the place of God. "Not thine, Paul, are the Galatians, but God's."

Certainly St. Paul never understood that when he claimed souls as peculiarly his own, he was entering into rivalry with God. He knew that our Lord had said: "Call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. xxiii. 9); yet the Apostle wrote boldly to the Corinthians "As my beloved sons, I warn you. For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel" (1 Cor. iv. 15). St Paul had many enemies, yet no one seems to have thought of the modern method of writing in parallel columns the words of the Master and of the vessel of election to show their hopeless contradiction, though his words admit of such treatment just as easily as those of St. Alphonsus.

Section II. of the tract is "Mary our Hope," "Jesus our Hope"; and it is framed on the same supposition, that we cannot hope in Mary if we hope in Jesus. Now I would ask, was the tract-writer ignorant of passages of Holy Scripture like the following? "I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you" (Phil. 22). "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" (1 Thess. ii. 19).

The writer of the tract quotes thirteen lines from St. Alphonsus, but breaks off just where the Saint begins his argument. Let me complete the quotation: "St. Thomas says, that we can place our hope in a person in two ways: as a principal cause, and as a mediate one. Those who hope for a favour from a king, hope it from him as lord; they hope for it from his minister or favourite as an intercessor. If the favour is granted, it comes primarily from the king, but it comes through the

instrumentality of the favourite; and in this case he who seeks the favour is right in calling his intercessor his hope. . . . Those who place their hopes in creatures alone, independently of God, as sinners do, and in order to obtain the friendship and favour of a man, fear not to outrage His Divine Majesty, are most certainly cursed by God, as the prophet Jeremias says." The tract-writer read all this and much more to the same intent, and then maliciously omitted it, and quoted a few words in which St. Alphonsus might seem to give God the lie, though the holy doctor merely rejects a foolish interpretation of God's words.

The trick is practised throughout this tract of insinuating that such words as "my *only* hope," or "*all* our hope," are meant to exclude God; whereas they mean, in their context, "all my hope," or "my only hope" *with God*. The words quoted from p. 20 occur in the history of a poor outcast, dying in a cave, without a soul to help her or even pray for her. What more natural than that, turning in her heart to Mary, she should call her her *only* hope? But did she mean to exclude God? No one but a malignant tract-writer could have imagined such a thing. Immediately after relating the outcast's prayer St. Alphonsus makes her say, "The Blessed Virgin obtained me grace to make an act of contrition. I died and am saved . . . behold I go to paradise *to sing the mercies of my God.*" Therefore in the mind of St Alphonsus (and of all Catholics) the prayers of Mary are one of the mercies of God. In the next quotation (from p. 157) the Saint introduces the words, "who place all our hope in Thee," by the words, "since thou hast so great power with God," which the tract-writer carefully omits, that he may insinuate that the word *all* means, "Therefore we have none left for God."

SECTION III. is "Mary our advocate;" "Jesus our advocate." The question, "Which is right?" implies that one *must* be wrong. This can only be on one of two suppositions, viz. (1) that if Jesus is our advocate Mary may not pray for us at all; or (2) that Catholics make Mary their advocate in the same sense as Jesus, or place her on an equality with Him.

As regards the first supposition the texts of Scripture quoted by the tract-writer will suffice to refute it if

considered in their context. St. John, who declares that, "if any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Just," also writes, "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, *he shall ask*, and He (*i.e.*, God) shall give him life" (1 John v. 16). Hence, according to St. John, because Jesus is our Advocate we also must be advocates. St. Paul writes that there is "one Mediator." He thus writes in order to engage us all to be mediators, by way of prayer: "I exhort that supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men . . . *for* there is one God and one Mediator" (1 Tim. ii. 1, 5).

As to the second supposition, that Mary is placed on an equality with Jesus, who can have glanced at the writings of St. Alphonsus on our Lord's infancy or Passion, and entertain such a thought? In the work from which the tract-writer quotes, *The Glories of Mary*, the Saint writes, "No one denies that Jesus Christ is our only mediator of justice, and that He, by His merits, has obtained our reconciliation with God. But, on the other hand, it is impious to assert that God is not pleased to grant graces at the intercession of His saints, and more especially of Mary His Mother, whom Jesus desires so much to see loved and honoured by all" (p. 127).

But why, it may be asked, does St. Alphonsus say, "We have but one advocate, and that is thyself, Mary"? Does not this exclude Jesus? No, I reply; neither Jesus, nor the saints in heaven, nor friends on earth. This the tract-maker knew quite well, since the passage, from the midst of which he extracted those words, runs as follows: "O Lady, it is true that all the saints desire our salvation and pray for us; but the love, the tenderness, that thou showest us in heaven, in obtaining for us, by thy prayers, so many mercies from God, obliges us to acknowledge that in heaven we have but one advocate, and that is thyself" (p. 168). What sheer perversity was it, then, to print these last words, as if they were a renunciation of Jesus Christ!

SECTION IV. is labelled, "Mary our Salvation," "Jesus our Salvation." Both propositions are true, but n different senses. Persons, institutions, and circumstances are all and each our salvation, or helps to our

salvation, in and through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Consider the following sayings: "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" (1 Cor. ix. 22). If Paul saved, he was a saviour, though only through the One Saviour. St. Paul often uses similar words, as Rom. xi. 14; 1 Cor. x. 33. "Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation" (2 Cor. i. 6). "I know that this shall turn to my salvation, through your prayer" (Philipp. i. 19). "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (Philipp. ii. 12). Faith saves (1 Cor. i. 21), hope saves (Rom. viii. 24), the love of truth saves (2 Thess. ii. 10), prayer saves (Acts ii. 21), preaching saves (1 Thess. ii. 16), baptism saves (1 Pet. iii. 27), zeal saves (Jude, 23); why, then, should not Mary's prayers save? Why is she not our salvation in the true yet qualified sense in which alone this title is given to her?

I notice that the tract-framer has printed in large capitals one sentence from *The Glories of Mary*, as if it were specially impious: "Mary so loved the world as to give her only begotten Son." But where is the impiety? Is it in Mary, because she gave her own Son, or in us for being grateful to Mary? Surely, the very highest praise we can give to man is that he acts like God. "Be merciful as your Father also is merciful" (Luke vi. 27). Doubtless the mother often conversed with her Son on His sacred Passion, and He spoke to her such words as He spoke to Nicodemus, "So God loved the world as to give His only begotten Son"; and did not His words animate her to give her only begotten Son, the very same eternal Son of God, and to give Him for the same purpose, the salvation of the world? But perhaps it seems to some blasphemous to apply in any way to a creature words spoken of God. This, however, is certainly not the case where the excellence of the creature consists in the express imitation of God, as when our Lord said of Himself, "I am the light of the world" (John viii. 12), yet said also to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14). I suppose that had St. Alphonsus written in *The Glories of Mary* that Mary was the light of the world the tract-writer would have printed the words in capitals as a stupendous impiety!

SECTION V. is "Adore and serve Mary," "Adore and serve God." Here again is a juggling with words. There is an adoration that belongs to God only, and there is an adoration that may be given to reasonable creatures. There is a service to be given exclusively to God, as our first beginning and last end; and a lawful service to be given to men, and which should be a part of the service of God. First, as regards the use of words: The word *adoratio* in Latin means homage in general, whether supreme or not. It is derived either from *ad orare*, to address with prayer; or more probably from *ad os*, to place the hand to the mouth. It occurs continually in the Vulgate, and is far more frequently used of lawful homage paid to men than of homage paid to God. Hence the word "adoration" is associated in Catholic minds with inferior, no less than with supreme veneration. Yet it cannot be said that this use of the word "adoration" is strange to Protestant minds, and calculated to mislead. Lloyd's *Encyclopædic Dictionary* defines adoration in its secondary sense as "the expression of intense veneration for some earthly being or other creature, without, however, mistaking such a being for a divinity," and quotes the words of Macaulay: "The great mass of the population abhorred Popery, and adored Monmouth." Dr. Ogilvie, in the *Imperial Dictionary*, defines adoration as, "Homage paid to one in high esteem—profound reverence."

Worship is the possession of worth, or testification of worth. "Your worship" is the title of a magistrate. "With my body I thee worship" is a formula which has survived in the Anglican marriage service to the present day.

If now we turn from words to realities, the question, "Which is right, 'Adore Mary,' or 'Adore God'?" may be answered thus: Both may be right; there is no necessary contradiction. "All the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel," says the inspired writer (1 Sam. xii. 18). Which is right, the tract would say, "Fear the Lord," or "Fear Samuel"? The Holy Ghost replies, "Both were right." "Unto the King eternal . . . be honour and glory for ever and ever, Amen," writes St. Paul in one place (1 Tim. i. 17), and in another "Glory, honour and peace to every man that worketh good" (Rom. ii. 10).

The tract-writer affects to be shocked because St. Alphonsus prayed to Mary, "Receive me into the number of thy servants, to be thy child and servant for ever," and puts opposite to this prayer the words, "He is the Lord thy God, and Him they shall adore." What then? Cannot the children and servants of Mary adore God? If the household of Cornelius were led by him to fear and serve God (Acts x.), why should our Lady's household be warned against idolatry?

"Mary commands in heaven," writes St. Alphonsus, and the tract-writer prints the words in capitals. Why did he not print in capitals, or at least in ordinary type, the words that follow immediately, "Hyperbole cannot be taxed with untruth when it is evident from the context that it goes beyond the truth, as the case is when St. Peter Damian says that 'Mary does not pray but commands'? In cases like these, *in which there can be no mistake*, tropes are lawful."

SECTION VI. asks, "Is Mary Mother of mercy? or is God Father of mercy?" Thank God, both propositions are very true, nor can a greater or more legitimate praise be given to her. "Walk in love," writes the apostle, "as Christ also loved us" (Eph. v. 2); "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" (Philipp. ii. 5). St. Paul, in describing himself, admirably describes our Lady, "Being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us" (1 Thess. ii. 8).

All this is simple enough, and indeed self-evident. Yet, from the parallel columns, the incautious reader might conclude — and this was the intention of the writer—that Mary does not imitate her Son, but rather counteracts Him. He is a severe Judge, she a tender mother. He has an avenging arm, she withholds it.

Let the reader begin by solving the following scriptural difficulty. St. Paul writes to the Romans, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written: Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord" (Rom. xii. 19). Hence it is our part to forgive, it is God's to avenge. Are we, then, commanded to be more merciful than God? Folly But we are commanded to imitate God's mercy only

He exercises justice also. Now, if this principle is understood, there will be no difficulty in understanding what St. Alphonsus says of our Lady's mercy. He does not exalt her mercy above that of her Son ; God forbid ! but he does say that her Son has reserved the exercise of justice or vengeance to Himself, and bids her be merciful, *i.e.*, to pray for sinners, whom He would otherwise strike. By this means His mercy reaches even the proper objects of His vengeance. Of course this is explained at length by St. Alphonsus in the book from which all these extracts are taken, and by all Catholic writers ; but there are deaf serpents who will not hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

The simple reader of the tract is meant to conclude, from the four texts quoted about our Lord as Saviour, that this is the whole account given of Him in Gospels and Epistles—that He was Saviour, all Saviour, and nothing but Saviour. Now, of course the Son of God did not come on earth in order to judge, or condemn, the world, but to save that which was lost. Yet, to those who reject or neglect His mercy He will be Judge, and will say: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Those who search the Scriptures will easily find much more to this purpose.

In that day, indeed, the day of final judgment, our Lady will not appear as advocate or Mother of Mercy, to withhold His arm. The time of mercy will be over. But during our time of probation it is Mary's office—as it is ours also in our degree—to counteract His justice, to hold back His avenging arm, as did Moses (Exod. xxxii. 10–14.) This is not against our Lord's will, but by His express ordinance, who is both Saviour and Judge. He wishes that His mercy may, so to say, triumph over His justice.

And now, dear reader, you have seen a specimen of these anti-Catholic tracts. There is no question here of misconception or of innocent prejudice. All is deliberate perversion and calumny, first against a canonized saint, and next against the Catholic Church. It is no new thing that saints should be thus calumniated, "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household?" (Matt. x. 25.) St. Stephen was a man "full of faith,"

"full of grace," yet "they set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the law" (Acts vi. 13). So has St. Alphonsus been treated in England. They set up false witnesses, who say, "He ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words." No doubt he prays in Heaven like St. Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

I may conclude this paper by some words written half a century ago: "The writings of St. Alphonsus," says Mr. Capes, "display a most attractive acquaintance with all the treasures of the Holy Scriptures, which were so familiar to the Saint's thoughts, that he seems to be ever gliding from his own ideas and words into those of inspiration, with a scarcely conscious change. Allowing for the lapse of seventeen centuries, it would be difficult to name any writer whose works more accurately reflect the language and feelings of the New Testament, especially, perhaps, the Epistles of St. John."[1]

If this should be thought a controversial statement elicited by Protestant attacks, I will quote some evidence given where Protestantism was unknown. Only a few years after St. Alphonsus' death, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1787, sworn testimony was taken in the bishop's courts regarding the virtues of the servant of God. It may be strange to Protestants that inquiry should have been instituted as to his use and veneration of the Bible. However, I translate literally: "I know," said Father Gaspar Cajone, "from certain personal knowledge, as well as from the report of others, that the venerable servant of God, whenever he read the Holy Scripture, did it with a lively faith and fervour, considering that it was the Word of God, and therefore committed it to memory, and kept the Book itself always with the greatest veneration in his room. He ordained that the novices should learn by heart daily a chapter of the New Testament, especially from the Epistles of St. Paul, and wished that each member of the institute should keep the Holy Bible in his room." Father Tannoia said, "In his great afflictions of body and soul the Sacred Writings were always his consolation. He read as listening to God Himself addressing him."

Such was the man who has been so cruelly and maliciously represented as a blasphemer and idolater.

[1] Preface by John Moore Capes to *Reflections of St. Alphonsus.*

208
C 287
32001
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
AUTHOR
Publications 40
TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME
	STORAGE - CBPL

32001